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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, &c. By W. R. Holmes. 8vo, pp. 412. Bentley.

It is long since we have had any good account of Persia; and this volume, setting the condition of that country before our eyes to the present date, is doubly acceptable for that reason. But even if we had been more *au fait* with the subject, the manner in which the youthful author has treated it would have called for our very high approbation. He offers his six months' tour with a degree of modesty only equalled by the extent of information he gives. We have extremely clear views of the actual state of the whole empire; and we have the most distinct pictures of the parts through which Mr. Holmes travelled, and of the customs and manners of the princes, khans, meerrzas, and people with whom he mingled in his interesting journey.

Having said so much, any further introduction would be impertinent; and we hasten with much pleasure to let the author speak for himself through the *Literary Gazette*, perfectly sure that his work will thereby be speedily distributed among every class of intelligent readers.

The preface says (with the graceful modesty to which we have alluded):

"A very young author presents this his first attempt to the ordeal of public opinion, with no small amount of fear lest he should be accused of presumption for offering himself and his production to the world at all. In his own justification, however, he ventures to assign the following reason for so doing. His position in the house of his relative, Mr. James Brant, her majesty's consul at Erzeroum, afforded him an opportunity of visiting a country interesting indeed, and but little trodden. He availed himself of it; and now places before the public the result of his enterprise, in the persuasion that he will meet with that indulgence always so generously awarded in his own happy land to efforts which are designed to convey a more perfect knowledge of countries hitherto but partially explored.

"In committing the following *Sketches* to the press, the author claims to himself only one merit, namely, that they were written on the spot of which they profess to give a description, and that they are a faithful account of what passed under his observation."

We must also quote the outset, for the sake of the better understanding of future extracts.

"On the afternoon of the 4th of November, 1843, we left Tabreez, accompanied by our English friends, who, as is customary in Persia, came a short distance with us before taking leave. The weather was lowering and a little rain fell, which was considered peculiarly lucky by the Persians; for, as it is of such vital importance to agriculture in this dry climate, they have connected with rain a superstitious idea of general good fortune. Our party consisted of Mr. A., her Majesty's consul at Tehraun, his meerrza (scribe), five servants, and a gholaum, Mohamed Rahim Beg, who had been sent by the prince, Bahman Meerza, as our mehmandar, to procure lodgings and provisions, and to see that we were treated with pro-

per attention. We were all armed; but our servants were so loaded with weapons, that in case of an attack they would have proved more an incumbrance than a protection. Their formidable appearance alone would have sufficed to keep a party of double their number at a respectful distance; and we might reasonably congratulate ourselves on the prospect of travelling unmolested, and arriving safe at our journey's end, provided our followers possessed one tithe of the courage and devotion they boasted while quietly riding through the suburbs of the town. The meerrza, however, was essentially a man of peace, and seemed to entertain a profound antipathy to anything warlike; instead of sword and dagger, he carried in his girdle a roll of paper and a calemdaun (Persian inkstand), the peculiar type of the professors of the pen. Our baggage had preceded us to the village of Borringe, about six miles from Tabreez, accompanied and supposed to be defended, in case of need, by four grooms, the cook, and the muleteers."

On goes the cavalcade, and our first halt is at Meezaum; previous to which, a day's march describes the country and travelling accommodations.

"The bushes on the mountain were full of blackbirds and thrushes; and the change from the dreary barren country through which we had passed, where nothing like a bush was visible, was exceedingly refreshing. We continued over these hills on a beautiful smooth turf for about two miles, when we happened to start a hare close to the road-side. Being well mounted, and having a couple of greyhounds with us, we gave chase, when, to our surprise, we found that almost every bush contained a hare; they started out in all directions, and, dodging among the brushwood, completely puzzled the dogs, who could not keep the same animal in view for two seconds. After a great deal of hallooing and scampering about to no purpose—every one calling the dogs to the particular hare he had just started, and they attending to no one, but enjoying a little hunting for their own individual amusement—we thought our fire-arms were likely to do more execution, and therefore dismounted; several of our attendants who had guns following the example. I had not proceeded many yards before I put up a hare, which I shot, and the report of my gun raised an immense covey of partridges. Meanwhile a very brisk fire commenced on all sides, and even pistols were discharged at the astonished animals. The scene was very animating; and the servants, hallooing and rushing hither and thither, seemed to have gone mad. I found the gholaum in a thicket literally filled with hares, blazing away at them sitting, without the least effect on his part, and with as little apparent fear on theirs. This man was a great sportsman in a small way; and on the road if the report of a gun was heard, it was sure to be Mohamed Rahim Beg shooting at a crow. The meerrza, with his mouth wide open in amazement at the uproar, seemed to think it just possible that an odd shot might come his way; and to add to his comfort, being no sportsman, he was left in charge of about seven horses, which occasionally ex-

hibited symptoms of pugnacity, and nearly pulled his arms off. Unfortunately we had some distance to go, and it was getting late; so, in about a quarter of an hour, we mounted, and hastened to the village of Meezaum, where we had determined to put up for the night. The abundance of hares was quite inconceivable, and we likewise raised some immense coveys of partridges; these, however, were very wild. Notwithstanding the abundance of hares, we only bagged four, for the bushes were too close to give us a fair chance, and we were distracted by the numbers: our attendants shot nothing. The day had been cloudy and threatening rain; the evening was cold and foggy, and the sun had long set ere we reached Meezaum. The inhabitants vacated for us a most filthy hut, the best, however, the place afforded; and we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. During the operation of removing the furniture, we were sitting outside, surrounded by the people of the place, staring at us open-mouthed. I had ample time to observe their physiognomies, and I think I never before beheld such unparalleled ugliness; some of them were hardly human—one man's forehead being about an inch high, and his chin three or four inches long; there were noses of every shape imaginable, and no one had two eyes looking the same way. Two or three old women were peering over a wall, and their hideous and wrinkled features were perfectly astonishing. This village is about twenty-two miles distant from Ahar: it is mostly in ruins, and appears a miserable place. We passed a sleepless night, but felt thankful that we were not entirely devoured by the vermin with which our room swarmed."

A little further, at Soomaree:

"On an eminence above the village stand the ruins of an old castle which had not been inhabited within the recollection of the natives, who were also ignorant of its history. The houses here are built as usual of mud; but the foundations appeared to be partly of stone. On arriving, wet and cold, we were shewn into a most wretched hovel: the roof was pierced with holes, and the rain trickled through in every direction, rendering it quite uninhabitable. The people, however, solemnly assured us that all the houses were in the same condition. This was consolatory, inasmuch as we were no worse off than others; but, as it by no means improved our situation, we sent our gholaum to find a more habitable dwelling if possible. In about half an hour he returned with the joyful intelligence that he had at last secured a good house, and thither we removed. Though very small, it was at least water-tight, of which advantage hardly any other house in the village could boast. Here, then, we established ourselves; and having with some difficulty procured wood for a fire, we dried our clothes, and after a comfortable dinner hoped to forget the discomforts of the day in the visions of the night. But no; after all the complicated miseries of wind, water, and cold; after all the fatigues of rocky passes and a long day's journey, we were subjected to a most awful infliction of fleas. We suffered in patience for a long time; but there is a point beyond which no

patience will extend; so, lighting candles again, we commenced an attack on the invaders with an ability and enthusiasm only to be acquired by long practice and a thirst for vengeance. But, though thousands fell, thousands still came on with unabated vigour; and my friend declared he could see them charging in heavy squadrons over the carpet. This alarming discovery put an end to the battle: we fairly gave in; and, I need scarcely add, did not close our eyes during the remainder of the night. The first person I saw in the morning, on going out of the house, was our meerrza, looking the picture of misery. He shook his head mournfully and exclaimed, 'Ah, Sahib, Sahib! this menzil is very bad; it has many fleas; I have not slept.' I could not forbear a smile at his woe-begone expression of countenance, and felt a kind of selfish consolation that we had not suffered alone. The quantity of vermin, however, must have been very unusual to have caused him any uneasiness. We left Soomaree at a quarter to ten, in a heavy snow-storm, which soon turned to mist and rain; and passing over some low hills, entered the plain of Ardebeel."

At Nemeen we are told:

"This village is about eleven miles distant from Ardebeel; it belongs to Meer Caussim Khan, a Taulish chief, and is the residence of his wife, a princess, sister to Mahomed Rahim Meerza, governor of Karadaugh. She was very polite to us, insisted on making us her guests, and would not allow us to pay for anything, sending us tea on our arrival, and a very good dinner in the evening. We subsequently heard several stories of this lady; and among others that on her marriage she treated her husband with great *hauteur*, and kept him at a respectful distance for eight days. The first evening she sent for him, and, making him stand near the door, the following conversation ensued: 'You are welcome, Meer Caussim Khan; how is your health? is your brain fat?' 'By the condescension of the Shahzadeh it is fat; how is her health?' 'Good, thank God; you are dismissed.' The second and third evenings were repetitions of the first; on the fourth she requested him to come a little nearer, that she might see what manner of man he was; and, having expressed some slight satisfaction, again dismissed him. The next two days she treated him with still more condescension, and then their wedded life fairly commenced. Persian women think that the longer they refuse to receive their lords, the greater the consideration they are entitled to; and among the higher ranks their freaks are sometimes carried to a most extraordinary length. Nemeen is a very pretty village, situated in a small valley at the foot of the mountains which divide the upper country from the lowlands of Taulish. The houses are in good repair, and neatly built; and a clear stream, the banks of which are planted with willows, poplars, and some fruit-trees, flows past the eastern side. This village contains about two hundred houses, and yields an hundred and fifty toman revenue. There are besides several others in the vicinity belonging to Meer Caussim Khan, from which altogether he obtains about one thousand toman. Our lodgings were in a small apartment of the palace, as it was called, and proved very comfortable, except that, as usual, we were annoyed by vermin. The following morning, after having breakfasted on various dishes sent by our hosts, we mounted our horses and departed, regretting that we had no means of shewing our sense of the kindness with which we had been received, not having expected to be enter-

tained by princesses in small out-of-the-way villages."

Passing through Gheelaun, we find the following extract very diversified and descriptive:

At Kerghanagh "we turned from the sea, and proceeding inland about three miles through the forest, arrived at our intended resting-place at sunset. The houses are scattered through the jungle, and built in the usual manner of this country: some were roofed with shingles, covered with stones to keep them in their places, and the rest were thatched with rice-straw or reeds. This village is the largest in the district of Kerghansgh-rood, and is the winter residence of Balla Khan, who retires in the summer with most of the inhabitants to his yeilauks at Aug-e-ler, which are described by all who have been there as exceedingly beautiful in scenery, and healthy in climate. The Khan was at this time at Enzellee. There appeared to be some difficulty about preparing a house for us; the owner of the one chosen grumbling, and protesting that if he gave it to us he should get into a scrape with his master's son, who wished to make us his own guests; but as we were very tired, and it was already dark, we declared we would remain where we were. In the mean time, however, the gentleman in question himself appeared, inviting us most pressing to go to his residence, where every preparation had been made, and where we should be better accommodated than in the village. As he seemed so much in earnest we accepted his proffered kindness, mounted our horses again, and rode off with him. Ferrajoolah Beg, Balla Khan's second son, was a jolly round-faced vulgar-looking fellow, terribly pitted with the small-pox. Contrary, however, to the rules of physiognomy, he turned out to be a sensible, shrewd man, well acquainted with the history of his own country, and knowing a great deal of that of England and India; he had also a tolerable idea of Europe, and his remarks were more pertinent than those of most of his countrymen. On arriving at his house we were shewn into a comfortable apartment; rose-water was poured over our hands and beards, and tea was served. Our host, after many polite speeches, wishing to put us completely at our ease, requested us to stretch out our legs, instead of sitting in the Eastern fashion; 'Or,' observed he, 'perhaps you would like to walk up and down the room.' We assured him, however, that, having been in the saddle since the morning, we thought we had enjoyed enough exercise for one day; and that we felt perfectly comfortable. The English habit of pacing up and down a room is a matter of profound astonishment to Asiatics in general, who have no idea of any person walking about when he has the option of sitting still. The Hindoos, I have been told, think it a part of our worship. After tea the Beg left us to ourselves for about an hour, when he returned, accompanied by his two brothers, Nooroollah Beg and Shookroollah Beg; a brother of Mehmet Khan, chief of the Shah-sevens, and some other friends, and dinner immediately followed. A tray containing a chillo and pillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat, and a bowl of sherbet, was allotted to each two persons; and, at the word 'Bismillah' (In the name of God), the company fell to in silence, unbroken during the whole time save by the sound of the various jaws in process of mastication. Hands were thrust deep into the greasy dishes, rice squeezed into balls and swallowed with astonishing rapidity; and in less than a quarter of an hour little remained of the immense piles which had been set before them.

Water was then brought in, and each guest slightly wetted his fingers, afterwards wiping them on his pocket-handkerchief or his coat, as the case might be; which ceremony had scarcely been performed, when our Shah-seven friend and one or two others, loosening their belts, immediately lapsed into a state of torpidity. My companion and myself had made a plentiful meal, but our dishes appeared comparatively untouched. The Persians are very large eaters, particularly those of the lower classes; five of our servants, who dined together, devoured every day about twenty pounds of bread, besides a good allowance of meat and fruit; and one evening three of the grooms ate among them ten pounds of rice, and were grumbling because they could not get any more. The Persians say that the English do not eat; they only play with their food. After dinner, having received intelligence that our baggage had halted for the night at the mouth of the river, we sent a person to bring it on; and in the mean time, as it was late, the Beg very kindly offered to lend us bedding, which we thankfully accepted. On undressing, I found myself covered with swellings, occasioned by the bite of some insect, which were most painfully irritable. Our baggage arrived during the night; and, as soon as we awoke in the morning, the servants came to represent the necessity of treating the horses, stating that it was forty-eight miles to Enzellee, and that if we started to-day the animals could not proceed far, and we should arrive there at sunset the following evening, which would not give the necessary time to look for a comfortable lodging. Ferrajoolah Beg, at the same time, sent a message to say that he should be delighted if we would extend our visit. All things, therefore, being considered, though we were anxious to reach Enzellee, we determined to enjoy the luxury of a day's repose. The morning was delightful; and we took a walk about the premises with our host and his other guests. He shewed us the skin of a royal tiger, a very large animal, which had been killed about a year before; five or six of them are shot annually by the peasantry. The wild beasts inhabiting these forests are, the royal tiger, panther, an animal called the *vasheg*, which I believe to be the lynx, the wolf, hog, jackal, bear, loose or chebelek, said to be of the colour of a tabby cat, and which I thought might be the wild cat, but they said not; and an animal called the *shing*, the skin of which is valuable. I have no idea what this is. There are more than one species of the goat and deer; of the latter there is a fine animal called the *maral*. Otters are found in the rivers. About twelve o'clock, the usual Persian time, we were summoned to breakfast, and all returned to the house exceedingly sharp-set. The meal was a repetition of dinner, and the same feeding-scene took place as on the previous evening. I have often heard it remarked, with respect to the Eastern custom of eating with the fingers, that it was a mistake to regard it as unpleasant; and that the hands, which were thoroughly washed, were cleaner implements than our knives and forks. In Persia, I can only say that I found the washing a very inefficient ceremony; no soap is used, a little tepid water being merely poured over the hands before and after dinner, and they are oftentimes wiped with a pocket-handkerchief which has not been washed for perhaps six months. The voracious manner in which they swallow their food is disgusting. In general, Persians admire the European custom of using the knife and fork, and confess that it is more decent in appearance, and

CENTO.

King René's Daughter: a Lyric Drama. From the Danish of Henrik Hertz. By Jane F. Chapman, translator of "Waldemar," &c. Pp. 88. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"KING RAINY'S Daughter" (somebody read the title to us)—That must be an original production, said we, thinking of the king, or tyrant,* of auctioneers; but what was our disappointment when we took the book in hand and discovered that it had nothing to do with him, nor with the season, which is making our island-weather a bad translation from the Danish or more northern climates. To be sure it has picked up a little; but still there is much force in the Omnibus Cad's opinion, who, as a passenger stepping out observed, "Why, it is going to rain again!" replied, "I believe it is, sir; for this is the greatest humbug of a summer as ever was!"

This drama was acted in Copenhagen with great applause, we are informed, in April last; and has a certain wildness and novelty of plot about it which we can conceive to be attractive, though the blank verse rather halts and is uncouth in the translation. Of the lyrics (the essence of the whole) we can form no judgment: they seem to be good and striking.

Iolanthe, the heroine, and daughter of King René, is blind from infancy, and brought up in seclusion and perfect ignorance of her misfortune. There is some charming speculative reflection when her lover first makes known to her this deficiency of a sense.

"Iolanthe. When I perchance would know the form and number
Of things around, I feel them with my hand.
It is the readiest way."

Tristan (with embarrassment). Yes—you are right—
And yet I think sometimes—

Iolanthe. Sometimes? say on!
Tristan. I meant to say, that there are many things
Distinguishable only by their colours,
As divers flowers for instance, divers tissues.

Iolanthe. Thou meanest, by their properties, their forms.

Say—dost thou not?
Tristan. Ah, no! 'twas not my meaning.

Iolanthe. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Is not the rose rounded and delicate,
Soft to the touch, e'en as the zephyr's breath,
And warm and balmy as a summer's even?
Is the carnation like the rose? Its fragrance
O'erpowers, like to that potent wine I gave thee.
Then there's the cactus, with its prickly leaves,
Like to the east wind driving sleety shower.

Tristan (aside). Most wonderful!—(Aloud). Hath
none, then, told thee, maiden,
That at a distance objects are discernible
By help—by help of sight? by sight alone?

Iolanthe. Ay, at a distance—true. The bird which
nestles

Upon our roof I know e'en by its note,
And all who dwell around me by their voices.
The spirited steed on which I daily ride
Is known to me afar, both by its paces
And by its neighing—but by help of sight?
No one e'er told me that. Is it somewhat
Which aids research? Is it an instrument
Of cunning artifice, or simple tool?
Sight is unknown to me. Canst thou, then, teach me
Sight's use and purpose?
Tristan. Sacred Heavens! 'tis so!
She doth not know herself that she is blind."

"Iolanthe. Oh stay, if thou art able,
And teach me that of which I'm ignorant.
Tristan. Ah, no, my youthful, lovely lady, no!
I cannot teach you that you fain would learn.

Iolanthe. Nay, if thou wilt, I doubt not that thou
canst.

I'm said to be both apt and teachable.
Many who erst came hither have informed me
Of several things I quickly apprehended.
Try my capacities. I will attend!
Thou'rt kind to me; thy tones are mild and friendly;
Thou'lt not refuse this boon I crave of thee.
Say on; I am attentive to thy speech.

Tristan. Alas! attention will not aid you here.
Yet—tell me this: you doubtless have been taught
Each member of the human form doth own

* See *Lit. Gaz.* p. 461.

cleanlier in reality, than their own; but Ferrajoolah Beg, while admitting this, observed, that after all he preferred eating with the hand, as it imparted a flavour to the food: judging from the colour and appearance of his own hand, I should think the observation correct. It was nearly one o'clock when the company dispersed; and feeling disinclined to go out in the broiling sun (for, though the middle of November, it felt like the middle of summer), I occupied myself till dusk in finishing some rough sketches made on the road; and then taking my gun, strolled along the edge of the forest till dark, when I returned, not having seen any game. This evening we dined alone, and made our own cook prepare the meal, as we were already tired of chillo and pillo. Having a long day's journey before us, we rose early, and left Kerghanagh, accompanied by Ferrajoolah Beg and Shookroollah Beg. The former soon took leave; but the latter continued with us to the village of Jel-lowdar, where a house had been cleared and a capital breakfast prepared. The house I will describe, as a fair specimen of the dwellings throughout Taulish and Gheelaun, though perhaps rather better furnished than the generality. It consisted of a single room plastered with mud, having two or three arched recesses in the walls. The fire was placed in a shallow semicircular hole in the earthen floor, immediately in front of a projecting mass of clay about four feet in length and breadth, and two feet high, serving to support the cooking utensils. There was no outlet for the smoke except through the door, which was made for this purpose the whole height of the apartment, and had of necessity to be kept open while the fire was burning. The ceiling was formed of square wooden beams placed close together, which had become blackened by the constant action of the smoke. The mudwork of the walls was very neatly executed; and the recesses were edged with white plaster, though this is dispensed with in the poorer cottages. The roof was of good rice-straw thatch, projecting many feet from the walls, and supported by wooden pillars; thus forming a verandah, where in fine weather the women sit and spin. Breakfast being over, we left the village, still accompanied by Shookroollah Beg, and proceeded through the forest towards the seashore. As we went along, he occasionally ordered the men we happened to see in the way to follow him, so that in a short time we had six or eight fellows armed with rifles and kummers marching in our train. 'My followers are always ready,' observed he; 'and when I go abroad, I leave home alone, and collect them in this manner as I journey onwards.' Having accompanied us some distance, the Beg and his followers took leave; and we continued our march, regretting much that we could not afford time to stay longer with these wild foresters, whose kindness and hospitality had gained our esteem. Their mode of life reminds one of that of the Scotch Highlanders in days of yore; they are divided into clans, each chief having his own retainers, who are always armed, both from habit and as a protection against wild beasts. The kummer is a favourite means of defence, which they are seldom without. It is a formidable two-edged pointed weapon, very much like the ancient Roman sword, with a blade about a foot and a-half long and three inches broad, generally very sharp, and capable of inflicting the most deadly wounds. The people consider it cowardly to stab, and use it only for cutting; a thrust would probably be fatal. During our march I per-

ceived a man fishing at the mouth of a small river, and bought from him a fine trout, weighing about seven pounds, for a sabib kurraun (one shilling), though I was afterwards told that this was nearly double the usual price. The flesh was not very red, but proved well-flavoured. At this season these fish quit the rivers, and the fisherman, with a long fork in his hands, was watching on the shore at the mouth of the stream for those which were accidentally thrown within his reach by the surf. They say salmon abound in these rivers from June till the end of October; which, with the sefed-mahée (white-fish), resembling a grey mullet, and many other kinds of fish, form the chief food of the inhabitants. Further on we came to several small reed-huts, serving as a shelter during the night for men who catch wild ducks. In many places near the coast are extensive swamps, the resort in winter of immense numbers of wild-fowl, where long nets are suspended to high poles in various directions; and below them are placed decoy-ducks, tied by the legs to a short piece of twine, which is fixed by a peg in the bottom. During the night the wild-fowl are attracted by the cry of the tame birds, and, flying low, are caught by the neck in the meshes of the nets. Another method is also practised. A large net is fixed upright, and kept in that position by a long cord held by the fowler, who is concealed among the high reeds. Decoy-ducks are placed within its range, and on the wild-fowl alighting among them the string is let go, and the net falling over the birds makes them fly upwards, when they are caught in the meshes. This method is always practicable; but the other only succeeds on dark stormy nights, when one man may sometimes take ten or fifteen ducks. All along the coast, both in Gheelaun and Maz-zunderoon, multitudes of these birds are annually thus captured. Continuing onwards we passed the following rivers: the Hindekerron, the Kelfarood, the Novarood, the Allalochai, the Kholasoror, the Dinachar-chai (a considerable river), the Soomerkerron, the Alekion, the Nokendeh, the Shooaree-chai, and the Mahmoud Tukianee. Most of them were at this season shallow streams, but became rapid torrents in the spring. After a ride of about thirty miles along the beach, which presented the same scenery as heretofore, we arrived at sunset at Coopoorchar. It was a small village, built in a style similar to the others along this coast, and having nothing remarkable in its appearance. We saw here orange-trees for the first time, and roses and many other flowers were in full bloom. This is the last village in Taulish, which, though essentially part of Gheelaun, and nominally under the authority of the governor of that province, is sometimes considered as separate. It is divided into five or six different districts, each under its respective governor, who is virtually an independent chieftain, and the only authority acknowledged by the peasantry. Most of the inhabitants retire to the yeilauks in the summer, and for this reason very little silk is produced, as it is during the hot months that the worms require unremitting attention. The revenue of Taulish is altogether about 30,000 tomauns (15,000*l.* sterling), from which 14,000 tomauns are deducted for the maintenance of the contingent of men furnished by the chiefs, as will be explained hereafter."

We have this week confined ourselves to these few but pleasant and characteristic selections from the first seventy pages of the volume, and shall return with satisfaction to its other various as well as more comprehensive views.

A special use and purpose. Even so
With hand and fingers you prehend an object;
Your foot, although so slender, yet doth bear you
Most readily whitherso'er you would.
Through the ear's tortuous windings doth the sound
Of words and tones impregnate your soul.
Speech issues from your lips. The bosom is
A repository for the gentle breath,
Rising and falling unoppressed by care.
Iolanthé. All this is known to me—only proceed.
Tristan. Then tell me, with what purpose do you think

That Providence bestowed on you—your eyes?
Say, what the use of those twain lustrous stars,
Which of themselves do shed such wondrous beams
That they disdain to borrow rays of light?

Iolanthé (places her hands on her eyes, and reflects for a moment).

Thou askest me what use—Why dost thou ask?
And yet—I ne'er before did think thereon.
Mine eyes—ah well! 'tis easily conceived—
When weariness comes over me at night,
Sleep weighs my eyelids down; is thence diffused
In gradual shades o'er all the body, as
The sense of touch through medium of the fingers.
Thus, then, I know mine eye performs a service.
But besides this, hast thou not oft thyself
Experienced other uses from thine eyes?
Once as I stooped to place a rose-tree slip
Within the ground, there flew an insect forth
And stung my finger, when the sudden smart
Caused me to weep. And at another time,
When I had long bewailed my father's absence,
I wept o'erjoyed at his return. By tears
My heart was lightened; when it was too full,
O'erflowing through the channel of mine eyes.
Thus thou need'st ask no more with what design
Did Providence endow me with mine eyes.
Through them, when wearied, rest is granted me,
Through them my sorrow finds relief, and e'en
My joys through them are purified."

The superstitions of the age, and poetical license of many kinds, are called in to enhance the interest; and the waking, or opening the eyes of *Iolanthé* to light and love, is dramatic, though not quite according to the laws of oculist practice. The stage, however, is not favourable to the medical exposition of blindness, and requires that those who are successfully couched should see at once.

Thom's Poems: Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver, &c. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IN No. 1443 of the *Literary Gazette* will be found our review of this interesting work; and it is very gratifying to us to find that the public has so "responded" to our opinion as to call for this second edition. It appears in an improved book form, and has above a dozen of new poems added to the original store. We cannot doubt, therefore, that what recommended the first will continue with increased force to recommend the second; and we can truly say, that both poetical taste and the best feelings of humanity are concerned in the cause.

The picture of factory-life in the prefixed *Recollections* are vivid, and we fear too true; and all the rest most natural and touching. But having said our say about the author, we shall now only instance one of his new compositions, and express our hope that the world goes well—better—with him, though he has been apparently reduced a little farther into the bitterness of political complaint than when he had more to endure and did endure it in a finer spirit. (We allude to his *Whisperings for the Unwashed*.) But we like his higher moods. *Whisper Low* is a charming Scotch love-song: we quote it.

"Slowly, slowly the cauld moon creeps
Wi' a licht uny'come to see;
It dwalls on the window whaur my love sleeps,
An' she winna wauken to me.
Wearie, wearie the hours, and slow,
Wauken, my lovie, an' whisper low!
There's nae ae sang in heaven's hicht,
Nor on the green earth down,
Like soun's that kind love kens at night,
When whispers ha' the soun';
Hearin'—fearin', schin'—so—
Whisper, my bonnie lovie, whisper low!

They lack nae licht wha weel can speak
In love's ain wordless wile;
Her ee-broce creepin' on my cheek
Betrays her pawkie smile;
Happy—happy—silent so—
Breathin'—bonnie lovie, whisper low!
Was you a waft o' her wee white han',
Wi' a warnin' 'whesht' to me?
Or was it a gleam o' that fause moon fa'in'
On my pair misguided e'e?
Wearie—wearie—wearie O—
Wauken, my lovie, an' whisper low!"

Poems and Snatches of Prose. By T. Denham. Pp. 200. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, Menzies; Glasgow, Robertson; Aberdeen, W. Russel.

OHONE! Here is another poet from the lowly ranks of life: a poor, uneducated son of Crispin, as we understand. What to say of or to him we know not. There is much talent in his little volume, but it is strongly imitative both in language and sentiment. To speak high, be discontented, talk of "a man's a man for a' that," not in one pithy line or ballad, but through a volume, and follow in the common train of a school which is every day getting more fatiguing through "cursed iteration," can hardly win our sympathies. And yet we feel for such an individual as this Denham. Aspiring and more gifted than thousands of his contemporaries, we could earnestly wish that these gifts were blessings, and not, as they seem to be, irritating curses to him. We can only cite one affecting and natural example of his muse, and heartily recommend him to the consideration of the benevolent and generous.

"The Dying Wife.

"Oh! draw the curtains o'er a bit,
And let me see the mune.
Wi' the winkin' stary lampies
A' dancin' clear abune.
The sun's awa' in robe o' fire,
A' gloriously and bricht,
But it sent a beam to kiss me
Before it bade guid night.

Its bonnie rays gae ling'ringly,
I watched ilk partin' smile;
For I kent we'd ne'er meet again,
And gent me sair the while.

Scarce twenty summers o'er my head,
My young an' yearnin' heart
A' glowing wi' affections kind—
Oh! 'tis terrible to part.

But tak' me in your arms, Jamie—
Your doatin', deelin' wife!
And lean my head upo' your breast
As lang's there's a'ny life.

Your tears are fa'in' burningly,
I fin' them on my cheek;
But calm yourself, and whisper me—
We hinna lang to speak.

O monie, monie trystin' nicht
I've stolen out in haste,
A' purity and happiness,
To meet you on the waste.

Prood mither since and fonder wife,
'Tis hard to leave sae sune;
And fain the young heart wad rebel,
But God's will maun be dune.

In decent time ye'll please yer folk,
And seek some grander mate;
But O! wylie aye o' kindness,
Wha my orphans wunna hate.

And tel her that I blessed her
A wee afore my death,
And bequeathed my little bairnies
Wi' a mither's deelin' breath.

But when ye tak' our fav'rite walk
By the bonnie water-side,
Ye'll maybe ha'e a tear for me,
Unnotic'd o' your bride.

And should ye ha'e some ither young,
O! leave nae ours to pine;
But when she gies her ain a piece
Gie you a bit to mine.

Ye've struggled sair wi' poverty
For makin' me your ain;
But your braw friend's 'll come roun' ye
When the sair dispensed is gane.

And noo I feel death's creepin' cauld—
O! lift them on the bed,
Till I bless my little darlings
Ere battlin' life has sped.

I've maybe been owre proud o' them,
Owre careless o' my God!
But there's mercy for a mither's love;
In Heaven's chast'nin' rod.

Noo, Jamie, en' me ance again
Your ain, your dearest wife;
And haud me close and kiss me, love,
The fareweel kiss o' life.

Dark, dark and cauld, I hear ye nae—
O stay, my husband, stay!
Your hand—O yes! I feel—alas!
'Tis me that's gane away."

Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes. 2d Edition. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

WE cannot say how far the author's statements are to be depended upon; and the trade of getting up books now for the nonce leads to so much misrepresentation that we approach every thing which comes from the manufactory with doubt and misgiving. We will suppose, however, that Mr. Hughes is well informed, clear sighted, and impartial, and if we hit aught that is valuable in his old matter or "numerous additions," it will be so much the better; but if not, the selections will, at any rate, we trust, be of that miscellaneous cast which amuses the mass of readers.* For in truth these are days of superficial literature; and even philosophy seems to have no time for study and reflection: as for learning (with the exception of such a paper occasionally as appears in our present *Gazette*, page 610), it is completely out of court, and the schoolmaster, in the higher sense of the title, has certainly died abroad.

But to our task with these *Revelations de omnibus rebus, &c.*, written in a familiar style, which rather affects the facetious. Thus of the Spanish women:

"Beauty is rare; but an aptitude for love is impressed on all their features, diffused over their forms, imparted by the air they breathe, and by the sunshine with which it is impregnated. Love forms a large part of the Andalusian woman's existence; it is mixed up with her daily avocations; it forms the essence of her amusements; it goes with her to church! But it would be a cruel and brutal thing to infer that it is an impure love—a love which leads to criminal excesses. There are probably somewhat more frequent lapses—very few more—than occur in northern Europe. But these lapses are readily accounted for by a variety of causes. He is an ignorant coxcomb who asserts that they are much more frequent: and these love-passages, however ardent, have, for the most part, their legitimate conclusion in marriage. But talk to me of an Andalusian fair, possessed by the demon jealousy! I have seen, I have known, I have felt, the edge of the retributive knife. Fortunately it did not penetrate in a perilous direction, or these pages would never have seen the light. It was a perfect model, that, of a dangerous *cuchillo*, a blade six inches long, worn in the bosom of a high dress, stand-

* That the writer sets himself above the merely gossiping and uninformed, may be surmised from the following passage: "The ideas of national manners, which are picked up from a few plays and novels, are in the highest degree delusive. Not less so are those derived from a brief and casual residence, or from desultory and imperfect conversation with the natives settled in foreign countries. But the most ridiculous of all pretensions was that of a temporary denizen of Gibraltar, who, in a company where I was present, professed his perfect competence to pronounce upon the most recondite mysteries of Spanish life, from having cantered once or twice into Spain! A Spaniard, who was present, replied with the cutting proverb: '*Mas sabe el bobo del sayo que el cuervo del ageno*.' 'The fool knows more of his own affairs than the wise man does of his neighbour's.'"

ing longitudinally like a whalebone, or its steel substitute. In this sultry climate stays are very little worn, and not at all by the common people. Jacinta never wore such a thing, and would have despised the incumbrance. It was for no coquettish purpose that she wore this steel support, but for needful protection; and, if required, to strike in revenge. A strong shagreen case was sewn into the bosom of her dress, where the poniard rested as in a sheath; and at the point, to prevent any accidental puncturing of the skin, was strongly stitched a small plate, likewise of steel. The handle was of ebony, bound round with brass wire to impart firmness to the grasp; and on the end was a plate of hollowed brass, to give purchase to the ball of the thumb, and assist its muscular energy in the act, familiar to all Spaniards, of striking with the little finger towards the antagonist, and striking upwards. The blade was from Toledo, which still retains its 'trusty' reputation, neither inlaid nor damasked, but of the purest steel and finest temper; it was as sharp at both edges as at the point, and transpierced a dollar without bending. Such was the familiar plaything of Jacinta of San Salvador's—the dangerous toy which dwelt habitually in her bosom, and whose presence there no one would have ever suspected—so uniformly erect was her figure, so firm her *aplomb*, so shapely her contour, and so sustained her movements. The perfect elasticity of the steel which composed the blade made it bend to the slightest pressure when she stooped; and thus, while it would protect her in case of need, it served the graceful uses of a corset. To think that death should repose so near the source of life! That so rigid and terrible a weapon should be enshrined on that charming wave—those throbbing pulses of delight! Jacinta was, to my mind, the best dancer in Seville. Her *seguidilla* was enchanting; her *fandango* glorious; her *olé* had destroyed more *sombreros* than any foot in Andalucía—for none was so arched and bending as hers, or swelled upwards beneath the *zagalejo** so gracefully. The very musician used to fling his hat to be trod on at her triumphant conclusion of the dance, his enthusiasm involuntarily excited in the midst of cold routine. But while Jacinta was a very lovely dancer, she was also a very jealous woman; and where her pride stooped to repose her affections, no empress could be more exacting. The whole heart laid at her feet in homage must be hers; she would not brook the faintest semblance of infidelity. How I stirred her jealousy need not be told, or how quick her poniard was unsheathed. But to the curious in such matters, I could shew the trace it has left."

In his second volume the author nevertheless says:

"The manner and address of young Spanish ladies have a natural simplicity, a candour and primitive artlessness, above all, a benevolent kindheartedness, which enchant all that come near them. It is not an undue freedom, but a cheerful and confiding innocence, which none but demons would abuse."

In the earlier pages there is a good deal about the Queen, the Queen-mother, Espartero, Narvaez, Olozaga, and other prominent persons. Of the first it is written:

"Queen Isabel has an extraordinary memory, and was able to repeat by rote the whole Constitution of 1837, which she had sworn to observe, but which her ministers have in great part repealed. She has likewise an extraordi-

nary collection of sweets, the most perfect museum of confectionary in Europe. Her royal repository is perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently renewed; and her conservators stuff something much better than beasts or birds—their sovereign mistress. This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the paschal *ojalones*, or carnival and Easter dainties—the hard *turrone*s of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces* of cocoa-nut frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—*avellanas*, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blanch-mange, and custard—gingerbread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions—marmalade, jam, and *blando de huevos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs—*capuchinas*, *guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts and sugar-stick, *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese *ijona*, pomegranate-jelly, *melocotones*, Madrono strawberries, and other curious specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain is her relish and constant use of these *bonbons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne. The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. If she is not 'the loveliest,' she is indeed 'the sweetest' princess. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these *bonbons* freely amongst her ministers and palace *grandes*. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have 'a sweet tooth,' but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world. The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionary, and the Minister of the Interior is first fiddle by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the Minister of Grace and Justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confecting of decrees and discussion of dainties proceed *pari passu*. On the night of the alleged violence, she gave a paper of *bonbons* to Olozaga: and the latter having mentioned this fact as a proof of his correct demeanour, the palace put forth its version, which was, that the sweetmeats dropped on the floor, and Olozaga picked them up and kept them!"

Of the second it is stated:

"Not only has Christina contrived to blot out all the debts which she owed to the Spanish crown and treasury, but she has obtained a large indemnification for the expenses in which the movement by which Espartero was overthrown involved her. The policy to which she seems now to have devoted her energies is one somewhat curiously hostile to the interests of her own eldest daughter, but quite in accordance with that allegiance to Louis-Philippe which her three years' residence in Paris has unalterably confirmed. Queen Isabel's is by no means a secure life; indeed, the seeds of early decay have already begun to develop themselves. Her youthful majesty is unhappily subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection; in addition to which, her person exhibits symptoms of general dropsy. These are the paramount

reasons of state which caused Queen Isabel's journey, in spite of the fatigue and the summer heats, to the mineral springs of Catalonia, an expedition in quest of health which she has just repeated. The possible contingency of her demise is therefore not idly speculated upon, and the far-seeing eye of the French monarch fixed upon her sister, the infanta Luisa, as the consort, in the first instance, of the Duc d'Aumale, and now of the Duc de Montpensier. The alliance of Queen Isabel in matrimony with the Count Trapani, a Bourbon, seems now as politically impracticable on the one hand, as with the son of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg on the other. Queen Christina may incline to the son of Don Carlos, but any such union will be scouted by the Spanish nation. I regard it as nearly certain that the successful candidate for Isabel's hand will be her first cousin, Don Enrique, son of Don Francisco de Paula, a dashing sailor and a fine young man, who is Duke of Seville, and a captain in the navy. But the grand triumph for the Tuileries is that which, founded on the precarious state of the health of the reigning sovereigns, would raise with the younger sisters respectively the Duc de Montpensier to the throne of Spain, and the Prince de Joinville to the empire of Brazil. The birth of an heir to the Brazilian diadem in February 1845 is an impediment to the latter project, but the feeble frame of this first western Afonso may prove but a slender guarantee."

Of the present chief political character (should no change take place before this manuscript becomes print), we hear:

"Narvaez calls himself *El Napoleon de la posicion*, and his head is undoubtedly turned by his success. His soldieryship is undeniable, but he is a rash and stupid politician. Those who remember him an outcast two years back, expelled from Portugal upon the requisition of Espartero, a wanderer through the provinces of France, with broken boots that let in the wet, a greasy hat and a thin coat, which ill-protected him from the inclemencies of a severe winter, will appreciate fully the fairy-like change in his circumstances. The equipages which he now sports were lately the property of the British ambassador; not content with ordinary *balldores* or outriders in royal state, he has other outriders at times at the doors of his carriage—military officers, armed with carbines, to protect his valuable life; and so far as pomp goes, he may well call himself a Napoleon,—for in the days of the consulate there was witnessed no such splendour. The least reputable feature in Narvaez's character is his outrageous gambling in the funds, a vice shared by nearly every Spanish minister. His monetary speculations during the last two years have frequently brought him to the verge of destruction. The Spanish dictator has courage, rapidity of movement, powers of combination—qualities which participate in the merits of Bonaparte, which Narvaez evinced during the regency of Christina, and which he eminently displayed on his march from Valencia to Madrid, in terminating that of Espartero. His military abilities are unquestionable, and his power over the army enormous. He has shewn, however, a grievous deficiency in policy and grasp of mind (and here the foolish analogy between him and Napoleon ceases). His energy is physical, not at all intellectual, and he is merely a rough soldier. His selection of such a man as Bravo for prime minister betrayed an utter want of perspicacity; for, though a slavish tool, Bravo is the merest popinjay, whose personal character recalls the pitiful days of Ferdinand VII."

From these sketches, or rather traits of indif-

* "Short petticoat."

viduals, we turn to general national features, though we begin with Spanish animals, and not Spanish human beings.

"A very peculiar feature of the semi-civilisation which prevails in all parts of the peninsula, is the savageness and approximate starvation of the canine population. Many thousand dogs in a state of *fera natura* prowl through the streets of all the great towns, acting in fact as the only effectual scavengers, and removing with great gusto into their own stomachs, offal which the laziness of the inhabitants would leave, perhaps, in the streets to inevitable putrescence. In 1808 the French, who then occupied both the Spanish and Portuguese metropolis, combined grand military operations against the dogs of Madrid and Lisbon; but though they shot many thousands, the dogs soon re-appeared in the same numbers, and had the satisfaction shortly afterwards of seeing their Gallic enemies expelled by British valour from both peninsular kingdoms. It was but a sorry aim for the gallantry of Murat."

They seemed to have had more sense and better taste than their masters, for

"Smoking has become so universal here that it is practised by the gravest characters, and invades the most refined societies. At the first *tertulias* in Seville, in the bosoms of the consular families, and in noble houses of an evening, the *cigarrillo* is often lit when tea is done, and very elegant ladies think no more of it than of using a scent-bottle. The *ayuntamientos* all smoke while they are met in their corporate capacity; and in a late year's municipal accounts of Cadiz, appears an item of eight hundred reals vellon, or eight pounds sterling, for cigars, for one member only of the provincial deputation during a journey to Madrid. The journey is charged at six thousand reals, or sixty pounds, for travelling and hotel expenses; and the item for cigars amounts to one seventh of the entire. Even this, perhaps, is as legitimate as the turtle soup and venison of municipal men in London; yet it is impossible to defend the outlay of a large sum, without the slightest authority, in providing a fine funeral for a deceased member of the deputation, and the squandering of seven thousand reals, or seventy pounds sterling, out of the sacred municipal funds, upon a portrait of Epartero. But five thousand reals in presents of cigars to the garrison appears even still less justifiable. This filthy practice, in which Spaniards regularly indulge while seated at dinner, and even in the heat of military skirmishing, led during the last siege of Barcelona to a shocking disaster. A citizen, who had volunteered to serve as an artillery-man upon the wall, was ramming the charge home, when another citizen serving the same gun, carelessly dropped the end of his paper-cigar upon the touch-hole. The cannon was instantly discharged, and the man in front of it blown to pieces! While Epartero was bombarding the Catalan capital, the *ayacuchos* of Cadiz carried his portrait in triumphant procession through their streets, and twelve thousand four hundred reals were spent that day out of the municipal funds in wine and cigars for the troops. The practice of smoking has at last crept into church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the late bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their cigars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood. Last summer I met a small band of political

prisoners, marching in the intense heats under a strong escort, their arms tightly pinioned with cords, and bound together two by two. Most of them were military officers. They smoked their *cigarrillos* with inimitable coolness, and chatted and laughed with the soldiers who formed their escort, as if they were on a rural party of pleasure. They were to be shot next day. In the magnificent *Café del Turco* at Seville, one of the most splendid establishments in Spain, which comprises an extensive hotel with a *café* and billiard and gaming-rooms, and could upon a pinch accommodate an army, the characteristic *insouciance* of Spaniards may be seen in perfection. There is no purer type of the national practice. Here, while I dined in what they gave me as a private room,—an immense gallery open to the whole world,—a *fil-le-de-chambre* entered as by right, and unpapered her curls before a dusty mirror at my elbow, while the *mozo* puffed his *cigarrillo* as he waited to change my plate some forty times in the innumerable courses of savoury but unclean viands which constitute a Spanish dinner. Neither waiter nor housemaid had obtained or sought my permission; and though I coughed at both, the hint was intensely disregarded."

[To be continued.]

Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns.

By the Hon. ——— Pp. 158. Newby.

The Beekeeper's Manual. By Dobrogost Chylinski. Pp. 75. Orr.

THE useless and the useful, the idle and the industrious, are treated of in these two little volumes; and the works resemble the subjects, the first being valueless to society, and the last containing information that may be turned to advantage in the care of bees and making of honey.

The first is a *jeu d'esprit* of a genus not uncommon, and mixed with a fair share of worldly observation. Thus, for example, of younger sons:

"The Detrimental may ponder with advantage over the impressive words of the marriage-service: 'Marriage is not to be undertaken lightly or unadvisedly' (this of course means by younger sons); 'not to satisfy men's appetites,' &c. &c. Alas! instead of satisfying man's appetite, matrimony, when entered upon by Detrimentials, too often brings three or four other 'appetites' in its train, which the poor wretch finds it impossible to 'satisfy' on his meagre allowance. Must the younger son, then, hope for no affection? Must his hand never press another's? his lips never meet another's? Must he live and die a solitary and unloved being? Must he alone, of all created things, be companionless, while the 'birds of the air' are mated, and the 'beasts of the field' have each their partner? Was he formed to vegetate and to be dunned, while the first-born loves and is loved again—if not for himself, at least for his title or wealth? This is a delicate subject to approach for my moral pen; there are such things as 'morganatic marriages,' 'left-handed alliances,' which are often contracted by younger sons of tender dispositions. But those unions are not only unlawful, but frequently dangerous and disagreeable in their consequences. A too fatal influence is sometimes acquired over the infatuated Detrimental by his morganatic partner; habit and use render the chain difficult, if not impossible, to shake off; the tie becomes one, no longer of flowers, but of iron; and a nervous dread of 'scenes,' and of passionate reproaches, perpetuates a connexion, which satiety, disgust, and weariness, would fain, but dare not, dissolve. To employ a mercantile phrase, when a younger son, in concert

with a frail companion, opens an 'unlicensed' business in sweets and kisses, the 'pleasant but wrong' co-partnership generally ends in the bankruptcy and ruin of one or both; a bankruptcy of character, a ruin of all prospects, and of all happiness. There may be exceptions, but such is generally the case; and when, in addition to these serious thoughts, you consider the no less unpleasant risks of fiery fathers, intractable brothers with large sticks, and actions for 'loss of services,' I think, O younger son, you will, in the exercise of common prudence and discretion, turn away from the voice of the 'charmer, charm she never so sweetly.' If you will love, love legally, though starvation be the result. Then, if your stomach should be empty, your conscience at least will be equally unburdened, and your heart will be as light as your diet. Only, if you do marry, recollect one important fact—namely, that you become responsible for your wife's bills; that your tent will be henceforth planted between a double row of duns, your own and hers—or, to employ an heraldic and genealogical phrase, that you will be a Detrimental 'proper,' exhibiting in your coat of arms two duns 'rampant'—on the male and female side."

The last is an experienced account of the treatment of bees in Poland; and differing in some respects from the English methods, may be consulted with benefit by our hive-ites, even after "Maraldi, Swammerdam, Schirah, Haber, Cuvier, Thorey, Wildman, Huish, Riem, Delrall, Hattford, Payne, Degelieu, Dr. Bevan, Sir W. Jardine Taylor, Nutt, J. Bagster, John Anderson, Keys, W. Kirby, W. Spence, White, and the Rev. — Cotton."

"There are (it is stated) cottages in Poland with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! The profit derived from the produce of honey and wax is very considerable, as it requires neither trouble nor expense to keep apiaries, but, on the contrary, affords amusement and recreation to the whole family. It enables the tenant to pay his rents and taxes; to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters. Should the season prove favourable, that is, neither too hot nor too cold, too humid nor too dry, fifty old and very strong hives, which can count a genealogy of centuries, will yield to the cottager from 100 to 150 new swarms, each of them of such formidable power, that it resembles a little cloud when hovering in the air.

"The method pursued by the bee-masters of Poland in rearing bees differs widely from that of all other countries. It is less expensive, and more profitable; less scientific, less artificial, but agreeing more with the natural habits and laws of the bees."

The writer explains all the particulars, and recommends the pattern to Great Britain. *Inter alia*, the hives are from 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet high; but we must leave the details to parties interested in the business, and conclude with one curious Podolian operation in the management of queens.

"It happens often that an old hive loses its queen, and very often a new hive meets with the same accident during the first week of its settlement; this may be easily discovered by the bees not going out to the fields. In such a case the beekeeper takes a queen from a second young swarm, which has often two or more, or from a glass pot covered with paper, in which there are made little holes to allow the air to

enter, and in which the beekeeper keeps some queens in store, which he obtains in the time of swarming, feeding them with honey; this queen he puts into a bit of water-reed, in which he cuts holes as small as those of a flageolet, and corks both ends of the reed to prevent the escape of the prisoner: this reed he puts amongst the combs in the hive for two days. The bees feed the imprisoned queen, and accustom themselves to her presence. On the third day the queen may be liberated and allowed to mingle with the colony, who will adopt her at once for their ruler. It is supposed that they would kill her, if this precaution were not taken."

Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic. By the Author of "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany," &c. 2 vols. Newby.

We opened the book and were off to America, but found ourselves tied to the Irish shores of the Atlantic; and who has been upon them that will not confess their wildness, grandeur, and beauty? Our author is sketchy and entertaining—the little waves breaking on the coast of literature, and with none of the depths of the deep blue sea. Her work is, therefore, a production for the sea-side. There are some amusing, and some not very new, stories, and a religious tale which falls in with the mania of the day, and is consequently all but too much for us. For desultory reading, our fair author will be found to have not altogether in vain, as she words it—speaking of her blank book for memoranda—"undesecrated" its "virgin page."

The Ruling Passion. 3 vols. London, Newby. There is at least one novelty in this novel. There is a picture on stone of some pretty young ladies prefixed to each volume, and, we presume, representing the heroines who flourish in the print. For the rest we cannot say much: the story or stories are of the ordinary sort, and there is love-making and marring, disappointments and marriages, very amiable and very unamiable people, who go about affairs not out of the common-place, and with results to match.

Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Human Foot, &c., &c., with added Advice on the Management of the Hand. By John Eisenberg, &c. 4to, pp. 252. London, H. Renshaw; Edinburgh, MacLachlan, Stewart, and Co.; Dublin, Fanning, and Co.

It to be tied hand and foot was a sore evil, surely to be eased foot and hand must be a great good; and if we list to the "nothing like leather" argument of Mr. Eisenberg, there is nothing pertaining to the human system more desirable than to have your corns and bunions modified, your warts cleared off, your nails cared for, and your toes and fingers educated in a philosophical fashion. The volume is very handsomely got up. The several kinds of corns, clavis, durus, mollis, niger, and sanguineus, are specified, and their treatment laid down—with their pains and dangers and their mitigations and remedies. Chemistry has thrown little light upon their formation or substance; and patent cures are decrised as absolute quackery. Recourse to the knife is earnestly forbidden; in short, an experienced chiropodist should be employed.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN.—A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—In the first volume of Chevalier Bunsen's work upon Egypt, pp. 319, 320, he has made the following statement respecting the

amount of knowledge of the ancient Egyptian language possessed by the school to which he belongs; which I will call the Coptic school, inasmuch as it chiefly relies on the Coptic language, as the medium through which the old Egyptian is to be learned: "There are inscriptions, such as those on the obelisks, and whole pages of the Todtenbuch, which can be read and explained as to their essentials."

But there is no one living who can read and explain completely any one section of the Todtenbuch, and much less any of the historical papyri." In reply to this, I beg leave to state, that I will undertake to do what Chevalier Bunsen here pronounces to be beyond the capability of his school, viz. to explain completely entire sections of the Todtenbuch, and other long passages in hieroglyphic and hieratic texts. I will leave no word unexplained, and no character unaccounted for. I beg to state further, that what Chevalier Bunsen calls "an explanation as to essentials" ought not, in my opinion, to be depended on as a correct explanation. No person can pronounce *à priori* on the importance or nonimportance of words which he does not understand. It may happen that a couple of small characters may completely alter the meaning of an entire sentence. I must add, that this is very likely to happen with respect to the explanations of Egyptian sentences given by the Coptic school. Some of the personal pronouns, which are of most frequent occurrence in the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts, escaped the notice of Champollion, in consequence of their having no Coptic representatives; and, as far as I can judge from Chevalier Bunsen's work, they are yet unknown to him and to his school. Forms of the verbs have also been completely mistaken, as well as the meaning of several common particles, there being nothing analogous in Coptic. It would be difficult to select a long passage in which some of these unknown words or forms does not occur. It is the occurrence of these which causes the explanations of the Coptic school to be, as Chevalier Bunsen admits, imperfect; and it must, in my opinion, almost necessarily cause them to be erroneous.

It may be said that all this is mere assertion on my part. If, however, any two or three gentlemen, whose general knowledge of languages and of their analogies is such as to qualify them for the office, will undertake to be judges, I am ready to meet any Egyptologist of the Coptic school whom Chevalier Bunsen may select, and to submit our respective systems of explaining old Egyptian texts to their decision. I will offer explanations, purporting to be complete ones, of entire texts of different kinds; and, having submitted them to the criticism of my opponent, I will answer his objections. He, in like manner, will furnish as full explanations as he thinks he can give of entire Egyptian texts; these will be submitted to my criticism, and he will defend himself against my objections. I cannot doubt but that such gentlemen as I have described, even though they had no previous knowledge of hieroglyphics, or even of Coptic, would, from comparing our several statements and counter-statements, be quite capable of deciding which of us had the truth on his side. It is to ascertain this point, with a view, not to an empty victory, but to the more successful cultivation, in future, of what I believe to be one of the most important branches of human knowledge, that I come forward with this friendly challenge.—I am, &c.

EDW. HINCKS.

Killyleagh, County Down,
1st September, 1843.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.

POTATOES, not only in this country but on the continent, are this year affected with a novel disease, producing brown spots, penetrating more or less to the centre of the potatoe. The origin of this malady has occupied the attention of scientific men in Belgium and in France, and it has been attributed by some to the fungous parasite "*botrytis*." This, however, has not been proved; and M. Decaisne, who seems experimentally to have examined the infected tuber, has failed in detecting any filament of *botrytis*, or of any other of the species, in the interior of the potatoe. He says, a brown granulous matter insinuates itself between the *utricles* which constitute the fleshy mass of the root, covers, agglutinates, and penetrates them, so as to envelop each grain of the starch, but without this latter undergoing the least change. This concluding statement—which is very important, and doubtless will be farther investigated, as well as the nature of this brown substance—gives considerable weight to the recommendation of Mr. W. Herapath, contained in his letter on the subject addressed to the editor of the *Bristol Mercury*, whence we take the following extract. He says:

"The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown (like a bruised apple): these spots extend and penetrate towards the centre, quite changing the nature of the potatoe. Those near the surface are most injured; in some cases the lowest on the root are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should therefore expect that the longer the crop remains in the land, the greater the injury will be. It seems from the microscopic appearances, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone; and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potatoe reside in the starch, I should recommend that, wherever the disease has shewn itself to any extent, the crop should be dug whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the following simple process:—After washing the roots, let them be rasped fine and thrown into a large tub or other vessel; pour a considerable quantity of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or fecula will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom, while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water; wash the starch with one or two more waters, allowing it to fall after each washing; spread it upon cloths in a warm room to dry; in this way about 20 or 21 lbs. will be obtained from every 100 lbs. of potatoe, and it contains as much nourishment as the original roots; it will keep any length of time, and might be used with flour to make bread, pies, puddings, &c., as well as farinaceous spoon-meat."

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 6, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 1st September.—M. Arago submitted to the Academy two new products obtained by M. Ebelmen from silicic ether. The one, hydrophane; the other, a substance resembling corneal. Some of the specimens had the semi-transparency of the opal.

M. Babinet communicated an ingenious method of measuring dispersion in transparent substances of which only very small prisms could be obtained. An ordinary solar spec-

* According to M. Decaisne it would seem that the starch remains uninjured, even when the tuber is to appearance entirely brown.—Ed. L. G.

trum of any size is first produced in a dark chamber upon a screen of transparent paper; this spectrum is then to be observed through the little prism whose dispersion is desired to be known, in an opposite direction, so that the dispersion of the little prism should tend to achromatise the spectrum on the screen. By bringing nearer or removing the little prism, this spectrum becomes colourless to the view at the minimum point of its deviation. Then if the angle of these prisms be sufficiently small, the dispersion of the little prism is, compared with that of the first, in the inverse ratio of their distance from the screen. This process is susceptible of great precision, and shews even to what point achromatization is possible between two substances of different dispersions.

M. Dujardin states, that he obtains inductive currents of remarkable tension with the magneto-electric machine, by the employment of an armature, consisting of a prism of soft iron. He attributes the increased effects to the alternate short and long distances of the prism in its revolutions from the poles of the magnet.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEETING AT WINCHESTER.

OUR readers are aware of the preceding meeting of the British Archæological Association at Winchester (a complete report of whose proceedings is contained in the monthly part of the *Literary Gazette* of August), and of our predilection for that division of the original institution (which, for brevity's sake as well as for its priority in action, we shall denominate No. 1); but it will not thence, we presume from the character of this journal during more than twenty-seven years, be supposed that it could give any thing except a fair and impartial account of the present meeting (which, for the reasons assigned, for the sake of distinction, we shall call No. 2); even did not the countenance and attendance it has received command such a course. If we fail therefore in aught, it will be from want of official information; but we trust that our history will be found to be ample, as well as true, and leave nothing of importance unrecorded.

It will, however, be difficult to draw up a correct statement of these proceedings, without having witnessed those which went before; and, though comparisons are odious, they must of necessity obtrude themselves in a case of this kind. It is self-evident that to those who know little or nothing of No. 1, the doings of No. 2 will be far more acceptable; but we are sure of this, that if both societies outlive their diuision and go on, it will be prudent for neither of them to be second at the same place in the same year.* In order to avoid the inconveniences arising from this circumstance, in the present instance, No. 2 has been obliged to go far a-field for most of its contributions, and (if not part of its fixed design?) to rely almost entirely, as far as it has hitherto gone (Tuesday and Wednesday), on subjects of church-architecture. Perhaps this may arise from the preponderating number of ecclesiastics who belong to this body; for in truth, the meeting is wonderfully distinguished by black coats and white neckcloths, of whom there are two prominent classes, viz. the old orthodox Reformed Protestant Church of England representatives, and the representatives of

* In the first year it could not probably be well helped; because as both parties claim descent from Canterbury, and Winchester was fixed upon there, it followed that the harvestmen and the gleaners too were bound to the field.

the newer Reformers or Tractarians, so prolific from Winchester College although so near to Winchester Cathedral. The noble president, aware of this, with his usual prescience and discrimination, took the earliest opportunity to inform the assembly that there was nothing polemical, and all archæological, in the congress; and this is perfectly just as far as public proceedings have been concerned—which we shall now sketch for the edification of the distant world.

At noon on Tuesday, as advertised, the first meeting took place in St. John's Rooms, the County-hall being too small to accommodate the numbers. About 300 people attended, including fully one half of the better sex, and a number of young girls, and some boys, brought by their parents.

The room was got up in a much superior and more imposing style than by No. 1. The walls were covered with rubbings of brasses, and at the upper end a regular platform was raised about three feet from the floor, for the principal performers in the approaching drama.

At half-past 12 the Marquis of Northampton took the chair, and we may notice this event as a tower of strength for this assemblage. The presidency of the President of the Royal Society was a great feature; but still more fortunate was it for Mr. Way and his friends to be able to place at their head for the occasion a nobleman whose own accomplishments, and the personal regards with which he is surrounded on every hand, have rendered so highly and so justly popular.

Upon the *days* were about a dozen or fifteen other individuals of rank and name, besides the speakers mentioned hereafter, including Mr. Hallam, Sir R. Westmacott, the Speaker, Sir John Boileau, the Dean of Hereford, and others (some of them young men) whom we did not know.

The Marquis briefly addressed the "Ladies and gentlemen," disclaiming in the most gentlemanly tone the introduction of differences, of polemics (as we have observed), and of all unpleasant or objectionable subjects. The congress stood on its own merits, and he anticipated from the appearances before him a brilliant result. He then called upon the Dean of Westminster to ride forth the *cheval de bataille*, the opening oration of the campaign.

The Dean of Westminster read a paper of considerable length, and apparently elaborated with much care; but the subject-matter was not auspicious for so successful a display of his eloquence as we have listened to with delight on former occasions. He took a general view of antiquarian researches, and defended them from the ridicule with which they had been assailed (sometimes with just cause, when conducted in an erroneous spirit), where the

"pale antiquary pores,
Admires the relic, but the dust adores."

He then dilated, in rather a sermonic manner and ambitious style, on the genuine objects to be sought, and of the wasted ashes of which we were to raise a true image of the past, and not merely obtain curiosities for servile and inappropriate copy. The proper love of ancient times was a grand stimulus to modern virtue; and it was inherent and natural in the breast of man. Thus Homer to the Greeks, and the Niebelungen to the Germans, were incitements to heroic deeds, and dissuasions from baseness; and the same feeling made the American visit our Heralds' College to discover some of the old blood that ran in his veins from honoured British ancestry. The reader also drew examples from Marathon,

Henry V., and Nelson, and held, that not only courage, the thirst for honest fame, and other warlike gifts, were nourished by this kind of retrospection, but that it also yielded its trophies to the arts and embellishments of peace. He exhorted archæologists to bear this in mind: our fathers, of the past, had drawn bills upon us, and we should beware that they were not dishonoured. It was the want of the knowledge he recommended which made men innovators, who would fain be restorers. He next went into the consideration of the obstacles ever opposed to improvement by the immovable sticklers for leaving things alone. They broke, and for a while impeded, the stream of progressive truth, which must ultimately force its way; and caused it to chafe over rocks and precipices, instead of running smooth on its course. Truth was opposed by the matter upon which it acted; and painting, medicine, in short, every art and science, had been subjected to this opposition. The dean finally remarked upon the difference in studying church-architecture and history upon right and applicable, or wrong, useless, and dangerous principles. He touched upon the superstitions of Rome connected with the remains to be investigated, and the gorgeous forms of its worship; and pointed to the preservation of what was expedient and consistent with the moral health and purer religion of the reformed Protestant faith. A few general observations concluded this address, of which we have given a mere outline; but it may be noticed, that it was chiefly exhortative and philosophical, and afforded no novelty nor fact to demand particular record. [Every speaker who succeeded complimented it in the highest terms that eulogy could afford, as noble, splendid, unequalled, and so forth: which we mention to avoid iteration.]

The Dean of Winchester moved the thanks of the meeting to his brother dean in a kindly and cordial manner; and took the opportunity to instil the duties of giving the strangers a social and hospitable welcome.* He hailed the promise around, and thought it must set this meeting beyond the reach of malice or misrepresentation.

[We are not aware to what this allusion was meant to apply. The amiable dean has taken his side; and perhaps is persuaded of some malpractices of which we are ignorant.]

Professor Whewell seconded the vote, and went into some anecdotes about his reading Rickman when a boy, and thence imbibing a taste for church-architecture, and learning a new language from him. The learned gentleman (who usually speaks so well) was, nevertheless, much at a loss with his present theme, and pumped up his remarks with much hesitation and repetition. In short, he was not so much at home in his "pastures new"† at Winchester, as in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rules the roast in a position more congenial to his habits of mind and temperament. The people in the hall could not believe it was the eloquent Dr. Whewell.

Lord Ashburton (who, it must be confessed,

* In this line the estimable dean, who seems to be universally beloved and well spoken of, has set a liberal example; keeping almost open house to certain numerous guests, and opening a collected museum for all.

† "Pastures new" was quoted with great popular effect, by Professor Whewell, at the farewell meeting of the British Association at Devonport, when he spoke enthusiastically of their going forth to the pastures aforesaid; but his reverence having mounted, certainly through the Association, to an elevated educational rank, was no sooner installed master of Trinity, than he not only forgot all about this pasturage, but turned round, and did his uttermost to extinguish the Association.—*Ed. L. G.*

was not more fluent than his predecessor, and seemed also puzzled with the scientific points which beset him) moved, with handsome panegyric, thanks to the chair.

Dr. Williams, warden of New College, seconded this, and spoke warmly of the debt of gratitude due from posterity to William of Wykeham.

The Rev. Dr. F. C. Plumtre, Master of University College, followed in a similar strain, and the votes were carried by acclamation.

The Marquis of Northampton returned thanks, and informed the company that the proceedings would not be confined to church-architecture, but embrace all other sorts of antiquity.

After breaking up, parties visited Wolveley Castle and St. Cross, where the show of carriages, &c. was lively and interesting.

An ordinary at the George Inn was pretty well attended; Mr. Way in the chair. The Corinthian order dined with the Dean, and did not get to the evening-meeting till more than a quarter to nine o'clock, or three quarters of an hour after the appointed time.

THE EVENING-MEETING

was, without doubt, the heaviest, duldest, and most unprofitable that ever we spent in the service of science and literature.

The first of three long papers read was by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, a *résumé* or abridgment (we believe) of what he read at Canterbury—offering not one new point, and only gaily illustrated by drawings, hung on the walls, of Stonehenge, Abury, Carnac, and other hypothetical temples. As the earliest examples of church-architecture, though the worshippers were pagans, these astonishing monuments may yet be more accurately understood. Much has been written upon them, and Mr. Deane did not undertake to do more (we imagine) than condense a portion of our existing information.

The Rev. J. L. Petit (author of the charming work on Churches in England and France, reviewed in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1305) followed at a quarter to ten o'clock, by which time a fair sprinkling of the auditors were indulging in occasional naps. His subject was Romsey Abbey, the details of which he treated with perfect acumen and with much minuteness; but as we have Gazetted that abbey within the last month, from a recently published description of it, the reading embalmed us among the surrounding slumberers. We were awakened by his recommending a subscription for the repairs now carrying on.

E. H. Freeman, Esq., read the third and last paper, on Saint Cross (also with us and our readers an exhausted subject), but in so rapid a way as not to be understood by his hearers. He also ended with a thundering peroration against the abuse of the charity of St. Cross; and called upon the Association to take steps to "brand with eternal infamy the oppressors and robbers of the poor."*

WEDNESDAY.

Again the room at St. John's was filled as before, and immediately, at half-past eleven o'clock, Professor Willis proceeded with his paper and *visd voce* observations on Winchester

* We are satisfied that this charity might be restored, with greatly increased means, to its original institution and benevolent dispensations. We believe (though it has been stated to the contrary), that its first deed of gift is still in existence and in London; and this would define its objects and property. Its revenues might be immensely augmented, and hundreds of the poor be provided for from these resources.—*Ed. L. G.*

Cathedral, which he delivered in an extremely pleasant, intelligible, and effective manner. Like his preceding essay at the Canterbury meeting,* it displayed his intimate acquaintance with this branch of ecclesiastical antiquity, and his powers of observation and inference from the mechanical (masonic) remains presented to his research. There was a curious enough lapse in opening. "When (said the professor) I had the pleasure to address you at Canterbury, I—" but recollecting himself, he began again, "When I had the pleasure to address the *British Association* at Canterbury," and so went on with his lucid explanations.

Taking a historical range, Prof. Willis differed much in opinion from Mr. Cressy; but whose chronological theory is the most correct we must leave persons better informed on the subject than we are to determine. Who can decide when doctors disagree? Tracing the notices of the church from St. Swithin, &c. to the Conquest, and quoting from various chronicles and manuscripts in the British Museum, the professor held that it was rebuilt from the foundation in 1079. On these annals he relied for the fact, that the entire fabric was of a much later date than that contended for by Mr. Cressy; and, indeed, as we gathered (though he said nothing of the crypt), that there was not an Anglo-Saxon stone in it. At the period fixed by him, he thought the apse and high altar might be excepted from the general reconstruction, but whether these were afterwards taken down and re-edified it was impossible to say. Another argument in support of this doctrine was deduced from the elder and later churches occupying different sites; but it was allowed that the authorities referred to were opposed by some ancient conflicting statements. Arriving at the time of William of Wykeham, the professor made an excellent use of the will of that eminent ecclesiastic and great practical mason; and, from passages which he had carefully translated from the original Latin, clearly pointed out parts of the structure built in the founder's lifetime, and parts which he directed to be finished after his death. The will is dated in July 1403, and Wykeham died in the following year; so that we have here certain data respecting all that is so particularly described as done, and to do, by the funds he bequeathed for that purpose. Professor Willis seemed to think that the great west window, and whole of the west front, might be the work of Edington. The nave was a transformation of the Norman, and the two first windows on the south side, and the first on the north, were finished by William of Wykeham himself. They are much broader, and with different mouldings† from all the rest which were continued after his death. The learned professor then proceeded to explain the manner in which this architect eased the Norman pillars, &c. (as was done by others at Canterbury, Ely, &c.), retaining only so much as suited the purpose in hand, and cutting down and removing other portions. [Mr. Cressy's description in this respect was nearly similar, only he maintained an ante-Norman antiquity denied by Professor Willis.] Rising from the foundation to the roof, and illustrated by one of the professor's fine drawings, he shewed how Wykeham had altered the old form. He found the walls divided into three parts: 1st, an arch upon two columns; 2d, above the triforium; and,

3d, above that the clerestory; which, by admirable contrivance, he converted into the newer style of one high perpendicular arch, with only the triforium above it. [It is difficult to render this very clear without the illustrations.] There was no historical evidence respecting the choir; but its architectural features proved that it was later than William of Wykeham, and belonged to three periods, extending over 150 years.

To this very faint outline of a very able communication we may add a notice introduced into it, which interested us even more than the rest. The professor mentioned the circumstance of the fall of the tower after the death of the architect; and stated, that a similar accident had befallen Ely, of which Simeon, his brother and contemporary, was the builder. The cause of these misfortunes was their ignorance of the science, and having consequently raised this lofty superstructure on columns, &c. too weak to bear it. But when this had happened, and the towers came to be rebuilt, they resorted to supports as much more heavy and strong than was necessary as those in the first instance had been insufficient. Thus, he contended, the mediæval architects were taught simply by their failures, and did not possess the elements of their art, nor the geometrical or mathematical knowledge which had been ascribed to them!

We had almost forgotten to say, that to the westward of the great west window they are excavating an area where concrete and other foundations are discovered, which Prof. Willis thinks belong to the Norman towers that were erected on this site, and to prove that the nave originally extended a good deal farther to the west.

Thanks being voted to the author, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, R.A., read a paper on New College and Winchester College, and pointed out the extraordinary skill of William of Wykeham in providing all the offices needed for these large establishments in the most convenient manner, and also for the ready superintendence of the masters and officials over the whole of their charge. Modern builders might take advantageous lessons from the models thus bequeathed to them.

After this there was a rush to the cathedral, with prodigious crowding and pressing up the narrow passages leading thereto, and in the sanctuary itself, when invaded by the Danish-like followers of Professor Willis, who went at four o'clock to guide them to a detailed examination of the structure and its decorations.

In the evening there was a *soirée* at the Deanery for all the members, which was brilliantly attended, and altogether a delightful entertainment. The house is as if built for such an assembly, from the arched passages of the entrance, through the handsome suite of principal rooms to the attics, where a singularly light and elegant roof displays the taste of the ancient builder. Nor were the hospitalities within out of keeping with the place. A small brass band discoursed eloquent music in the hall; in several apartments ices, abundance of the rarest fruits, and all other sumptuous refreshments usual on such occasions, were profusely spread; and, to crown all, a very interesting museum of antiquities and arts, almost *impromptu* by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Hailstone for the occasion, was exhibited in the gallery—the *quantum* library of the Deanery, and well suited for this purpose.

THURSDAY

being chosen for an excursion to Romsey at

* Since published, we believe, and considerably enlarged, as we presume the present treatise will be.

† The different mouldings were excellently traced on drawings by a machine invented and applied by the author for that object.

twelve o'clock, two sections were formed to meet at ten, and take two hours of work out of the early day—one of history, presided over by Mr. Hallam, and the other of antiquities, under the auspices of Mr. W. Hamilton. They held their sittings at the *Nisi Prius* Court (one on each side), and the proceedings partook more of a general archaeological character than they had hitherto affected.

Our report, however, at this period of the week, must necessarily be brief; and, if further excuse were wanting, we might notice that the proceedings (as has happened throughout) kept no faith whatever with the programme issued for our guidance; and thus, when we went to hear one thing about which we were curious, we were pretty sure to meet with another about which we cared but little. These changes are, we fear, inseparable from the arrangements of such meetings.

Section of Early and Medieval Antiquities.—The Dean of Hereford (not in the programme) gave an account of excavations to unearth a Roman town at Kenchester, near Hereford, and to us a very interesting exposition. The field under which these remains are buried is no less than about 21 acres; and the ruins appear to occupy the whole area. Among them the learned Dean enumerated and described a remarkable stone hypocaust; a variety of striking tesserae; the bones of deer, swine, and birds; the walls and rooms of private residences, with such appendages as were singular, and designed for particular domestic purposes; broken columns on which temples had stood; and other matters of much archaeological value. On the tesserae he noticed that pavements of this kind always distinguished the pretorium, or any other place of dignity and power; from which an adage had probably been handed down to our time. He also adverted, in excellent taste, to the locality being that where the battles of Caractacus with Astorius were fought; and thence carrying his view to the captivity of the former at Rome, to the impression he made on the Emperor Claudius, by his influence with Claudius, reported to be a British lady, and to the contemporaneous presence of St. Paul,—he inferred that the introduction of Christianity into Britain was probably much promoted by these events.

Mr. H. Bloxam read a paper on some ancient British, Roman, and Roman-British remains, discovered in the neighbourhood of Rugby, in Warwickshire. He stated that much obscurity hung over the places and modes of burial of the Romanised British, and then briefly described a number of weapons, fibulae, ornaments, jewellery, pottery, &c. (a fine collection of which were on the table), found with skeletons along the side of the Watling Road, within a very few miles of the locality intimated.

A gentleman on the bench exhibited a metallic arrow or dart, to which a ring was attached, so as to draw it back by a string after it had struck its prey; and also another weapon with a similar ring, but of a blunt and heavy shape. These were found in the north of Ireland. Mr. Way read a letter on the subject; from whom we did not gather.

Lord Alwyn Compton read a communication on some encaustic tiles in Devonshire, of which superb paintings were exhibited.

Historical Section.—Remarks on the County Hall and ancient Palace of Winchester (not in the programme of the day) were read by Mr. E. Smirke; a paper replete with curious information and instruction; and certainly one of the best and most appropriate yet brought for-

ward. We cannot pretend to give an idea of its various features.

Mr. Kemble (not in the programme) then read another striking and very original paper on Anglo-Saxon nicknames, in which he cited a multitude of instances of the highest rank in church and state, in which the individuals were handed down to future ages by their familiar sobriquets, instead of their baptismal names. This occurred in the most solemn deeds and charters, up to the eighth century. Some of these appellations were by no means complimentary. He stated that where they terminated in the letter *a*, the word implied a quality or peculiarity in the party so denominated.

Mr. Hudson Turner made some brief observations on the St. Giles' fair of Winchester, which was held in streets of stalls appropriated to and called different trades, &c. as the Grocery Street, the Pottery Street, the Old Clothes Street, &c. He shewed that it was a mistake to imagine that the town had ever extended so far in this direction.

Some discussion arose about the round table, in consequence of observations which fell from Mr. Smirke and Mr. Gough Nichols. Mr. Smirke, Mr. Kemble, and Sir John Earle took share in it. The question seemed to be, whether it was really an Arthur's Round Table, a Wheel of Fortune, or a Mappa Mundi; and Sir J. Earle endeavoured to make it appear that it might be all three! This was amusing enough; and *apropos* of the subject, the Association, in its pretty card for the congress, has not been very antiquary-like and precise in the representation of it; for it is made white where it should be green, and we all know how much may depend on the accuracy of colours in such investigations.

But to conclude for the present. Thursday has been a day creditable to the archaeology of the meeting; and redeemed it from the more prominent show and mere pleasuring of the preceding two days. It must be confessed that it is a far gayer affair than its precursor, and a very enjoyable festival and holiday. How much it will add to our stores of knowledge remains to be seen. The other, No. 1, was nearly all work: No. 2, till this morning, was nearly all play; and we do not see much announced for Friday and Saturday.

No pains have been spared to get together men of rank and note—and the Universities have been whipped up in full force. We have the pride of architecture: the capitals, the upper divisions, triforium, and clerestory; and the pinnacles and finials. With good solid foundations all would be well; but we have only to perform the task of faithful chroniclers, and we trust what we have spoken frankly, either in blame or praise, will not be misrepresented. It is rather an anxious position to mix with so many justly esteemed persons and many old friends in literature, science, and the arts, and have yet a public duty to perform, which forbids the suppression of truth as much as the utterance of falsehood.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Central Committee on Wednesday last, information having been received from one of its correspondents (Mr. Neale of Chelmsford) that traces of frescopaintings had been discovered in the church of Childerditch in Essex, it was resolved that some members of the committee should visit the spot on the following day. Accordingly a party, including Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Repton, and Mr. Fairholt, proceeded thither early on Thursday morning. Some portions of the plas-

ter were removed in their presence; but nothing further was discovered than fragments of inscriptions in English, which appeared not to be of a very early date. After satisfying themselves upon this point, the visitors, accompanied by the Rev. J. H. Lewis, the rector, who shewed them the greatest politeness and attention, inspected the font, an elegant monument of art of the Tudor period, which had been long concealed amid dirt and rubbish until brought into notice and cleaned by the present rector. It is octagonal, each face containing a quatrefoil, in the centre of which occur the badges of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon; and is remarkable for an inscription cut round three sides, in the following words: *This is the cost of Thon the ostler and Ceceli his wife.* The party afterwards visited the churches of East Thornden and Little Whalley, as well as the ancient hall near the latter church, remarkable as a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century, and as the residence of the parliamentary general Fairfax.

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF THUCYDIDES, Obtained from *Suidas* and other Sources. No. I.

ALTHOUGH during the last fifty years *Mali*, *Niebuhr*, and *Bekker*, have been discovering and deciphering fragments of ancient authors in palimpsest mss., and *Hayter* and *Letronne* in rolls of papyrus; and though *Morelli*, *Mug-toxydi*, *Bekker*, *De Furia*, and *Elmsley*, in Italy; *Boissonnade*, *Haase*, *Rosignol*, *Bekker*, *Bachmann*, and *Walz*, in France; *Hermann*, *Titmann*, *Sturz*, *Ast*, *Frommel*, and *Schneide-winn*, in Germany; *Bloch*, in Denmark; *Burney*, *Blomfield*, *Barker*, *Gaisford*, *Dobree*, and *Cramer*, in England; and recently *Minas* in Turkey, have been rescuing from the dust of different libraries not a few relics of writers of the olden time, and more especially the productions of later Historians and Novelists, and fragments, more or less valuable, of the Scholiasts and Grammarians of Alexandria, and their generally worthless successors of Byzantium,—few scholars seem to have been aware that some portions of the best and oldest authors are still to be met with in works accessible to all; and fewer still have attempted to fill up from such sources the numerous omissions to be found in the remains of the Dramatists, Historians, and Orators of Athens.

Of this fact I first gave some proofs more than twenty years ago, in my editions of the *Supplices* and *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, and subsequently in those of the *Philoctetes* and *Prometheus*; and more recently in the case of *Demos-thenes*, in the notes to my translation of the *Midian Oration*, and in that of *Thucydides*, in three papers read before the Royal Society of Literature in the last and current year; and it is with the view of stimulating the researches of other scholars in the same direction, that I will here bring forward a few more of my discoveries in a field hitherto untilled, and but rarely trodden.

Amongst the writers who have come down to us in a state so corrupt as to be frequently unintelligible, the most conspicuous are unfortunately the very two the most remarkable for their depth of thought and their force of diction. As regards the one, who has been styled the father of tragedy, few will refuse to admit the truth of this assertion, who have vainly attempted to cut a road through the forest of the falsely-called *Orestean* trilogy, and the slough of despond, the *Supplices*, from which no scholar

can ever hope to emerge, unless, like the Satan of Milton,

"O'er bog and steep, through strait, rough, dense, and rare,

With head and hand he can pursue his way,
And soar, and sink, and wade, and walk, and fly."

But with respect to the philosopher of history, so many editions have been published of the Peloponnesian war during the last thirty years, and such waggon-loads of annotations have been piled upon different portions of it, that a simple reader in search of information would naturally expect to find every difficulty explained, and corruption corrected. Unfortunately, however, this very mass of matter, where the writers not only oppose each other, but, on second thoughts, retract without a blush nearly all they had previously promulgated, affords the most convincing proof how little they could satisfy others, or even themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at. For scarcely a single scholar has either had the talent to see, or the honesty to confess, that the difficulties to be met with in every page are all to be referred to the errors and imperfections of the solitary *ms.* from which those existing at present have been derived; but the original of which, as regards the omissions in the copies hitherto collated, was in a more perfect state in the tenth century, when Suidas is said to have lived and compiled his Lexicon, where I have been able to detect 120 Supplements of Thucydides, more or less convincing.

As it will be seen, from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, that I am quite prepared to produce not only the proofs requisite to shew the incompleteness of the received text, but the grounds likewise on which the proposed Supplements are founded, I shall here content myself with giving merely a literal translation of the passages as they should be read; requesting the reader who may feel interested in the subject to direct his attention to the matter printed in Italics; and should he wish to be furnished with the original Greek, I shall be most happy to communicate with him privately, by letter, and, if need be, state not only the source of the Supplements, but the reasons that have led me to introduce them.

Feeling that, in a periodical, the peculiar feature of which is the variety of its literary contents, it would be impossible to produce all I have discovered in Thucydides alone, to say nothing of similar Supplements in other authors, I shall simply make a selection of such as are the most striking, from their extent and importance, and shall reserve the remainder for the time, should ever such arrive, when I can afford, as I did in earlier life, to spend 300*l.* in printing Greek works, that have been more pilfered from than purchased.

The Supplements the most remarkable in a chronological point of view are those which I brought forward in my first paper read before the Royal Society of Literature; where I was the first to shew when the Athenians commenced their final and fatal retreat from Syracuse, and on what days the battles of the Anapus and Asinar were fought respectively. For, by the aid of Suidas, I discovered that Thucydides wrote in vii. 75:

"After this, when it appeared to Nicias and Demosthenes that sufficient preparations had been made, and the moon rose in splendour as it is wont when it wants but little of the full, the breaking up of the army took place on the third day after the sea-fight; and very terrible upon not one point alone were the doings."

And in vii. 78: "And when they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus; for the moon happened

to be at the full, and it was not difficult to march during the night, following the course of the stream, they found some Syracusans and their allies drawn up on its banks."

In the description, however, of the passage of the Asinar, I have lately discovered four Supplements, which had previously escaped notice; but as I have now read through the whole of Suidas rather attentively, I can venture to assert, that nothing will be found there to complete the graphic details originally given by the Historian to this effect in vii. 84.

"When day broke, Nicias, in a state of anxiety, led out the detachment, that was running the danger of their lives and all. On the other hand, the Syracusans and their allies kept hanging upon them in the same manner, and hurling from a distance all kinds of missiles and darts. The Athenians, who were wounded by the arrows, as well as when they fought hand to hand, proceeded with all haste to the river Asinar, compelled by the attacks on every side of cavalry heavy-armed, and the rest of the rabble, conceiving they would be more at ease if they could cross the river, and urged, moreover, by their state of suffering and the desire to allay their thirst. On reaching the river, they stooped to drink in no order, and to draw up the dirty water with both hands. But as every one was desirous to cross the first, and the enemy kept pressing upon them, they rendered the passage very difficult; for, compelled to proceed crowded together, they trod upon and were trodden down, and tumbling over each other, some were destroyed; whilst others, impaled upon the shorter spears, and falling into the water with their accoutrements, perished, some on the instant, and others floated down; but, from the weight of their armour, not one of those who sunk rose again. On the other side of the river, the archers, whom the Lacedæmonian had previously posted where it was expected the enemy would come, he now stations, going himself by night, all round, where the necks of the stream are crowned with precipices; and there the Syracusans sent missiles from above against the Athenians, as they were swimming away unarmed, and saved by the quietness afforded by the stream; for in consequence of the expanse of the river not being within bow-shot, the arrows could not reach them; while the Syracusan swimmers, under Gylippus, going some here and some there into the river, killed such as could scarcely stand in the water, and were thrown into confusion by their feet slipping, as each person was trying where was the firm and where the level bottom of the river. And though the water became instantly polluted, it was drunk not the less, and became an object of contention to those about to lap it."

Of course, I am quite convinced that were Thucydides to appear, like the ghost of Banquo, and, after pointing to the wounds inflicted upon his skull by the hands of careless transcribers, confess they have been all cured by the trepanning process of a critical surgeon, few would be found to credit the assertion; for, if it were admitted, it would go to prove, what Reiske seventy years ago, and Letronne more recently, have had the courage to proclaim, that the received text of Thucydides frequently exhibits merely a mass of incoherent rubbish.

Although the preceding is the only instance where Suidas has enabled me to supply more than half of a chapter, I can still point to another in v. 116, where that Lexicon has done nearly as much; and this too where, as I have shewn in the second paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, it is evident that the Scholiast on Aristophanes found something in his copy of Thucydides wanting at present

in the text: and as I have lately discovered another quotation in Suidas, to be referred to the same passage, I will now produce the whole, as it was left originally by the author, to this effect:

"About the same time the Melians, in a body, seized upon a part of the circumvallation of the Athenians towards the west, a few only being present to protect it. On this event taking place, another detachment arrived from Athens, under the command of Philocrates, the son of Demeas, when many forms of evil came upon the town, now vigorously besieged. For being betrayed by the Aphiadæ, and expecting the city would be taken by assault, they delivered themselves up, and consented that the Athenians might, if they pleased, come to even a cruel decision respecting them. On taking possession of the town, which had been pressed by famine, the Athenians, irritated at the Melians for not having been led away by their arguments, massacred all the males who were at the age of puberty, and reducing the children and women to slavery, carried them away to their own quarters; for they settled themselves in the country, and sent there subsequently 500 colonists."

The last passage I shall produce in this paper is where Thucydides gives, in vi. 61, an account of the steps taken by the Athenians to bring Alcibiades to trial for the alleged mutilation of the Hermaic statues; and how both he, and others implicated with him, contrived to escape from the vessel sent to Sicily to bring them home. But as here too I have met with some quotations in Suidas, since my paper was read before the Royal Society of Literature, I will give, what I could not do then, the whole passage, in its fullest and most satisfactory form.

"Both Alcibiades, who had his own ship, and his alleged accomplices, set sail from Sicily, in company with the Salaminian vessel bound to Athens; but after they arrived at Thurii, they ceased to follow; and, slipping away from the ship in the dark, they absconded, afraid to proceed to trial with a prejudice against them. For a time the people of the Salaminian vessel made a search for Alcibiades and his companions; and some sailors too of the country, coming to the inquiry, were unable to track out the secret; when, failing to discover a single person any where, they set sail and departed. Alcibiades, who had concealed the fact of his being already an exile, as soon as the rest had passed over from the Thurian territory on board another vessel, was not long afterwards himself, taking advantage of a steady wind, conveyed along the coast, and sailed without danger to Peloponnesus. The Athenians condemned both him and his accomplices to death, in an undefended trial, and the Eumolpidae and sacred heralds uttered imprecations on his head: and such exertions did they make to get hold of him, that they proclaimed a reward of three talents weight of money to whomsoever should bring his head and those of his companions in flight."

GEORGE BURGESS.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Rock-cut Temples of India.
By James Fergusson, Esq. Folio, and Octavo Text to accompany the Engravings.
London, J. Weale.

In our *Gazette*, No. 1487, we briefly announced the appearance of this brilliant and interesting work, which, knowing, as we do, the very inadequate encouragement given to costly productions on Indian subjects, does great honour to the patriotic spirit of the author. But such

spirit was to be expected from the highly cultivated taste and the learning of Mr. Fergusson, whose investigation of these remains of antiquity in Hindostan has fortunately elucidated so much of their beauty as well as their historical and mythological value. Of the remarkable characteristics and wonderful effects of the engravings we can convey no idea to readers: they must be seen and studied in order to have their forms and features even partially understood. On careful examination they unfold their treasures of ancient instruction, and the spectator perceives the religious meaning of their stupendous columns and sculptures, the grandeur of their arches and other architectural magnificence, the connexion of their mysterious symbols with the earliest memorials of civilised man, their differences and their resemblances, and, in short, their revelations of the condition of the yet infant world, the creeds and superstitions of its inhabitants, and the means adopted to subdue the many to the sway of the few, who were oracles to the ignorant, and the consequent possessors of influence and power.

A considerable portion of Mr. Fergusson's exposition of these splendid designs was read to the Royal Asiatic Society; and we deeply regret that the rage for cheap and low literature should be such that, among its other bad consequences, it almost precludes the possibility of having such an entire publication as the author projected brought out without sacrificing much more than an individual, however wealthy, would be disposed to lose. We are therefore without the Buddhist, Hindoo, and Mahomedan examples of style with which it was intended to illustrate the structures of the rock-cut temples. Let us hope that the liberal author may at a future time continue the series.

Mr. F. classifies the cave-temples of India under the heads of—1. Vihara, or monastery-caves, to which "belongs by far the greatest number of Buddhist excavations. The most splendid of them are those at Ajunta; though the Dherwarra, at Ellora, is also fine; and there are also some good specimens at Salsette, and I believe Junir." 2. The Buddhist Chaitya caves, which "are the temples, or, if I may use the expression, the churches, of the series; and one or more of them is attached to every set of caves in the west of India, though none exist in the eastern side. Unlike the Viharas, the plan and arrangement of all these caves is exactly the same; and though the details and sculpture vary with the age in which they were executed, some strong religious feeling seems to have attached the Buddhists to one particular form for their places of worship." These two classes comprehend all the Buddhist caves in India. 3. Brahmanical caves, properly so called, such as Ellora, Elephanta, &c. 4. Rock-cut models of structural Brahmanical temples, called by the author "pseudo-structural temples." And 5. The true Jaina caves, about the eleventh or twelfth century of the Christian era. All these he describes in detail; and, we may repeat, they are admirably represented in the folio plates. As a specimen of the letterpress, we select one example. Speaking of the second class, Mr. F. remarks: "It is the next in antiquity; and one of the most interesting in India, though one of the least known, are the caves of Khandagiri, situated about twenty miles from Cuttack, and five from Bobaneswar. There are here two small but picturesque and well-wooded hills of a coarse-grained sandstone, very rare in that neighbourhood, which seem from a very early period to have been a spot held particularly

sacred by the Buddhists; and though no caves exist here that can vie in size or magnificence with those of Western India, there are a greater number of authentically ancient caves here than in any other series, and the details of their architecture are of a higher class than any other I am acquainted with. These caves were first described by Stirling in his valuable *Memoir on Cuttack*, in the sixteenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*; and drawings of some of them were published by Lieut. Kittoe in the sixth and seventh volumes of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*: they still, however, require and deserve a much more careful examination than either of those gentlemen have been able to bestow on them, though the task is by no means an easy one, for they are still inhabited by Fakeers and Byrags of various classes, who, to increase their accommodation, have built up mud walls between the pillars of the verandahs, rendering the interior extremely dark, while the accumulated smoke of a thousand years' cooking has blackened the whole so as to increase the gloom, and has also encrusted over the sculpture in such a manner as to render its details almost invisible. There is also considerable difficulty in gaining admission to the inhabited caves; and I found it impossible to effect an entrance into the finest of the whole series, which, by the way, does not seem to have been discovered by either of the gentlemen above mentioned, and which I stumbled on by chance while wandering about without any guide. It is now inhabited by the chief of the Fakeers, whom I saw preparing to cook his dinner, and who was extremely insolent when I attempted to parley with him on the subject, so that I was obliged to content myself with an imperfect survey from above. The caves on the Udyagiri (hill of the rising sun) are entirely Buddhist, and of a very early and pure type; those on the other hill, the Khandagiri, are much later, and principally Jaina." There are inscriptions in the Lath character anterior to the Christian era, and others in the Kutila character, of about the tenth century.

The quantity of information on every point relating to these temples and the various workshops to which they were dedicated, and the farther illustration of his subject by references to other parts of the world, display great ability in the author; and we rejoice with him in thinking that he has set the inquiry afoot in a manner likely to produce very beneficial future results; for he tells us, in conclusion: "Since the foregoing paper was read, a memorial was presented by the council of this society to the court of directors on the subject of these caves, to which I am happy to hear they have responded; and orders have, I believe, been forwarded to the different presidencies to employ competent persons to draw and copy the antiquities and paintings in each district, and thus we may at last hope to have these caves illustrated in a manner worthy of their magnificence and great historical interest. I only hope the subject will not now be allowed to drop till every monument of ancient India has been thoroughly examined and detailed, and we may thus escape the hitherto too well merited reproach of having so long possessed that noble country and done so little to illustrate its history or antiquities."

THE GREAT WELLINGTON STATUE.

On Saturday a considerable party of scientific and literary men and artists were admitted to Mr. M. C. Wyatt's studio to witness the run of 17 tons of metal, as a cast of (chiefly) the fore-quarters of the horse in this noble equestrian

group. The flow of so large a quantity of molten metal from the furnace to the receptacle whence it descends to fill the mould is a very grand and remarkable phenomenon, affording a perfect idea of a volcanic eruption. The furnace (a sea of luminous brightness which the eye cannot look upon except at a distance, and the fervent heat of which is felt far in the open air) is tapped in the interior of the building, by a long iron rod being beat against a lower vent; and the imprisoned fluid gushes out with tremendous fury and wonderful beauty into a channel prepared for its conduct. The dazzling red stream throws up clouds of vapour of every prismatic hue, the green tinge prevailing; but blues, yellows, and various gradations of red, rolling along both in these clouds and in flames emitted from, accompanying, and hovering over, the lava torrent. In the course of a few yards it is discharged into the pit made ready for it, and loosely covered with ashes, &c., to render it perfectly dry and prevent explosion. Herein the metal circulates, producing many curious and brilliant effects; till, by a mechanical contrivance, four iron plugs are raised, and it descends into the unseen mould below, where the portion of the design to be executed in the bronze is carefully and skillfully disposed (with minute labour) to receive this enduring form. At this time the air-vents communicating with, or rather leading from, this inferior chamber (eight or ten little chimneys), burst forth the perfect resemblance of volcanic craters, and casting forth smoke, flames, sulphur, scoria, &c., in a striking manner. Altogether, the scene is worthy of a Schiller to describe it; and we rejoice to say, that in this instance, as far as can be surmised from probing the vents, the cast appeared to have filled every part, and to have perfectly succeeded. If it should so turn out when the hot mass can be fully examined, in a week or so, the sculptor will have nothing more to do with the prodigious chance of casting on a large scale, but with a few slight pieces have completed this unparalleled undertaking.

The arch at Hyde Park Corner, the entrance to the Queen's gardens, we may remind our readers, is to be crowned with this magnificent group; and we trust that 1846 will see the extraordinary spectacle of transporting and raising such a mass to its assigned position made a national festival at which the living Hero will be present to receive the grateful plaudits of his country.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GUIANA.

The following characteristics of the natives of Guiana were stated by Sir R. Schomburgk at the last British Association congress:—

The aboriginal tribes of Guiana believe in a great spirit, the creator of all things; no adoration is offered to him, and his goodness is so great that he does no harm to mankind. But there are legions of evil spirits, who invisibly hover around, and by their influence cause sickness and misfortune to human beings. The Macusi Indians call the evil spirits Imawari; and every species in the animal kingdom has a predominating spirit, all of which are more inclined to do evil than good to mankind. Their priesthood or conjurors pretend to be able to hold communications with these spirits, who at pleasure may be present and yet invisible; they induce these spirits to communicate to them the cause of the diseases under which the patient suffers, and the remedy required for restoring him to health. This is the fruitful

source of the host of superstitious customs which are prevailing among the Indians, some of which are so ridiculous that one wonders how a being blessed with reason could believe them. But really serious in its effects is the firm belief in the supernatural powers of the Kanaima, which is the name that the Indian adopts when dedicating himself to the revenge of an offence which can only be atoned for by the death of the offender. He separates from the community of his fellow-beings, and awaits an opportunity when he may be able to surprise his victim alone in the forest or in his provision-field; and the strong belief which the Indians in common possess, that a Kanaima has supernatural powers at his command, is no doubt the reason that the revenger finds it such an easy task to overpower his victim. However, he does not kill him on the spot, but merely inflicts a wound under the tongue with a poisoned piece of wood, or with the tooth of a rattlesnake. The wounded person considers from that moment death unavoidable; indeed, even when no wound has been inflicted, and the Kanaima merely succeeded in stifling his breath for a short time, by putting his hand on his mouth, his imagination acts so strongly upon his frame that he commences to pine away, and ultimately he dies. But when the wound has been inflicted, death ensues generally in less than four days. Those who have met the Kanaima never open their lips again; their friends and relations, however, know too well the cause of their silence, and break out in bursts of lamentations. The superstition connected with Kanaimaism does not end here; it requires that the revenger should taste of the body of his victim when going over into putrefaction. He awaits his opportunity, and pushes a pointed pole into the grave until it reach the corpse, and having withdrawn it, he applies the point to his tongue. Where the revenger does not succeed in executing this inhuman and abominable custom, his imagination has so much power over him that he becomes mad.

Their astronomy is merely restricted to their having a name for every bright star, which are frequently dedicated to animals. The beautiful Southern Cross is called Iwan, and is dedicated to a bird called Powistuma. They have a constellation called the Scorpion, and several others which resemble much more in configuration the objects they are called after than our constellations. Their year is reckoned from the period that the seven stars called Tamunkang are to be seen in a certain position to the west until they return to that position. The appearance of the new moon is hailed with rejoicings; that of a comet with lamentations.

MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—NO. II.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Aug. 12.—The Prussian band (and an excellent one it is) announced the arrival of the King and Queen of Prussia, and the Queen of England and Prince Albert, and other royal visitors at the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven, about twelve o'clock, when they passed through the Münster Platz to the mansion of Count Fürstenberg, where, under the balcony hung with crimson velvet fringed with gold, they sat and viewed the ceremony with great attention. Naturally enough, the royal visitors (particularly our Sovereign) divided the attention of the people, and in some measure took off from the expected solemnity of the occasion. The whole of the Münster Platz (Minster-yard) was crowded with persons, and not a seat in the

enclosure, which was temporarily erected round the statue, could be had at any price.

The ceremony commenced with Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont." 2.—Professor Breidenstein then delivered a brief oration. 3.—The beautiful statue of Beethoven was unveiled, when his fervent and mysterious countenance at once created a deep feeling of reverence in the audience: but no sooner had the first impression passed away than they returned with more eager eyes to the royal visitors. 4.—Beethoven's *Mass*, viz. his Opera of "Fidelio," his "Mass Solemnis in D," and his "Symphony in C minor," were interred at the basement at the front of his statue: before which, however, a scroll of parchment was sent up to the King of Prussia and the Queen of England for their signatures, to testify that they were present at the inauguration; this obtained, the scroll was soldered up in a leaden case and placed in the appointed aperture, which was then covered with earth and firmly cemented. 5.—Next came a chorus for male voices, written by Dr. Smets, and composed by Professor Breidenstein, which like his oration was little heard and little heeded; and the inauguration scene concluded, and the royal visitors left Bonn for Coblenz.

M. Machnel, among many competitors, was appointed sculptor of the statue, which was splendidly cast in bronze by that artist, and according to Herr Carl Holz, of Vienna, who was a personal friend of Beethoven's, "is extremely like;" has in its right hand a note-book and in the left a pencil; and the classical robe, added to his fine long hair hanging down over his neck, gives the whole a noble appearance. Four allegorical figures, viz. Fancy, Symphony, Sacred Music, and Dramatic Music, are appropriately executed on the pedestal.

It will be an honour claimed by the inhabitants of Bonn that they are able to point to this fine work and tell the many strangers who visit this delightful spot, "Here is the birthplace of Beethoven; see how we pay homage to him!" But well might the stranger reply, "In his lifetime you left him in penury, and at his festival in the year 1845 you contributed a miserable share to the fund which was to complete this tribute."

In the afternoon of the same day (Aug. 12), at four o'clock, the second concert took place, in the Beethoven Concert-room, when the following compositions of the master were well performed and sung:

1. Overture to "Coriolan."
2. Canon out of "Fidelio."
3. Piano-forte Concerto in E flat major.
4. Introduction No. 1 and 2, out of "The Mount of Olives."
5. Symphony in C minor.
6. Stringed Quartet, splendidly performed by Herrn Hartman, Derkum, Weber, and Breuer.

It was very well received. Dr. Liszt performed the piano-forte concerto with great passion, and evinced a feeling for classical music beyond that we are accustomed to hear from modern pianists. Of others, the solo singers, we shall speak in our next.

Aug. 13.—The third, called the "Artists' Concert," was not altogether so satisfactory; and we regret that the King of Prussia and the Queen of England with Prince Albert were present. They missed the first, which was really a musical treat; but we fear, from the short time they remained in the grand hall, that they were not much pleased with what they had heard, viz. 1. The "Festcantate," words by Professor Wolff, music by Dr. Liszt, which is a composition particularly well scored and full of energy, and altogether a work of

merit. We would simply suggest, however, that had the composition partaken less of the French school it would have been a greater compliment to Beethoven. Then followed—

2. Solo for the Violoncello, well performed by Herr Ganz.
3. An Air by Mendelssohn, exceedingly well sung by Fräulein Schloss.
4. C. M. Weber's Concert-stück (a composition much in fashion with pianists, but perhaps deserving less admiration than is generally bestowed on it), splendidly performed by Madame Pleyel.
5. Air from "Fidelio," so nicely sung by Miss S. Novello that Dr. Spohr bowed to her when she had finished.
6. Concert for the Violin, composed and played by Herr Moser.
7. "Adelaide," sung by Fräulein Kratky, a mezzo-soprano from the theatre of Frankfurt. We were much astonished that a lady should be allowed to sing a gentleman's (tenor) song!

We have to report that the concert broke up in a very unceremonious manner, in consequence of an alteration which (to please we will not say whom) took place in the programme, in order, no doubt, to give certain parties an opportunity of displaying their talents before our Queen: but we must express our belief that her Majesty would have been more gratified had Fräulein Tuereck and Herr Staudigl been permitted to retain their proper places as announced; for not only did their superiority as artists, but their punctuality and exertions at all the rehearsals, lessened a more delicate behaviour towards them; and we were not surprised that they both left the concert-room and declined singing the innovations allotted to them. Thus concluded the last concert of the Beethoven festival, which, as well as those that preceded, was extremely well attended.

Subsequently, those who had their names previously inserted in Herr Schmitz's book were permitted to enter his spacious dining-room at the Golden Star, to partake of what was called the *festessen* (festival-dinner), and to describe the scene which took place at it is next to impossible. There were three very long tables laid out: at the top of the middle table sat Dr. Spohr; at the top of that on his right hand Dr. Liszt; and at the top of the other sat Professor Dr. Breidenstein. The committee, who took their places at the middle table, had full command; the *festessen* being under their particular control. The Germans, who are fond and accustomed to giving "toasts," proceeded (after having partaken of an excellent dinner; for which Herr Schmitz also deserved a toast, for the excellent provision he had made for 500 hearty eaters) to drink to the health of the King of Prussia, not unnecessary at this time, when the religious schisms of the Germans are so strong that his Majesty was absolutely hissed as he was shewing our Queen the cathedral at Cologne, in consequence of his favourable feelings towards what the Germans call "the German Catholic Church." After which were drunk the healths of Beethoven, Spohr, Liszt, Breidenstein, the youths of Germany, and individuals more known to the committee than to their assembled guests. The English who were present naturally waited in eager expectation to hear the health of their Queen proposed, and at last began to shew signs of impatience; when a gentleman, Mr. French Flowers, got up from his seat, hastened to Dr. Spohr, and requested him to propose the health of the Queen of England, who without hesitation replied, "With pleasure, but you must first ask the permission of the committee." Mr. Flowers went to one of the gentlemen on the committee and made known his wish: the reply was, "The Queen has been forgotten, and it would now be out of place to

propose her health." Mr. Flowers answered, "It would certainly not be too late for Dr. Spohr to do so; and he felt sure our Queen would deem it a higher compliment to be proposed by him than by any other gentleman in the dining-room." The permission was then granted, and Dr. Spohr rose, evidently excited, and in very appropriate language proposed the health of the Queen of England, who, he said, "was beloved not only by her own countrymen, but had made herself personally known and beloved in our own German fatherland." He sat down amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the company. The circumstance of the omission of this toast has been stated by the leading newspapers, but no motive has yet been assigned for it: we are, however, disposed to attribute it to the Queen's early departure from the "Artists' Concert," which did not please several to whom we spoke on the subject.

Professor Wolff made himself very conspicuous. He would be always on his legs; and absolutely succeeded in getting a gentleman turned out of the dining-room because he was guilty of the crime of assisting to prevent the supercilious professor from speaking for the fifth time. Nor did the commotion end here; the president, Professor Breidenstein, and Herr F. Werth (one of the committee, who was very deserving of praise), were unable to offer a single remark, although they rose often to address the party. Every thing was going off very flatly (or rather roughly) when Mr. Flowers succeeded further in getting Dr. Liszt to propose the health of a late student in Bonn, viz. Prince Albert, which was received with shouts of applause; soon after which Dr. Spohr rose from his seat and left the room, and his example was generally followed.

In the evening an interesting ball took place, called the "fest ball," which was enlivened by the presence of the ladies who had so gloriously sung in the choruses, and who for the first time since their expensive stay in Bonn had tasted of pleasure; but who, if all had had their rights, should have been the first to have been considered by the committee.

The ladies, however, have the satisfaction of knowing how valuable their services were on this occasion, and they may be proud to say (for they can say it really with truth), "we sung solely in honour of Beethoven."

VARIETIES.

Lyceum.—Peter Jenkins, an original farce, has been produced here with uproarious applause; well merited by its originality and the original acting of Mrs. and Mr. Keeley, Wigan, and Meadows. The first is a personation of an English governess, perfect of its kind; and her practising on Keeley to induce him to enter into the line of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto (which she does successfully), together with his stolid and humorous mystification, are irresistible. The other parts, though not quite so prominent, offer fair chances to the gentlemen we have named, and they make them most effective.

Calcutta Cathedral Organ.—We were present in Guildhall, on Tuesday evening, at Mr. Adams's performance on this splendid instrument; for splendid it is, both in its interior qualities of tone, volume, and compass, and in the exterior ornaments of its very elegant case. The programme consisted of pieces from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c., in addition to three of the extempore compositions for which Mr. Adams is so celebrated. The hall was thoroughly filled; and the audience testified by their hearty applause to the fulness of their gratification. The receipts are to be applied

in aid of the building-fund of the cathedral, which we cannot doubt these delightful performances will materially augment.

Art-Union Exhibition.—It is gratifying to see all ranks of the people availing themselves of the privilege of visiting this collection in the Suffolk-Street Gallery. On Monday (for instance, it was, like the National Gallery,) quite a holiday-lounge. Now, we are not going to display our critical acumen by pointing out to these ignorant dilettanti why they ought not to be pleased with these productions of native art; on the contrary, we will tell them to like the least successful of the lot. To love pictures for pictures' sake is about as much as you can instil into the masses, and it will improve and sweeten their minds to do so; but if they are not to admire till they can decry and decry errors in "handling," in "perspective," in "chiaroscuro," and in all other canting terms of art, they may as well be told not to admire the stars till they understand parallaxes, nor the sun and moon till they were familiar with the Alphonsine tables, perihelia, apsides, syzygies, &c. If there could be a people of critics, what an infernal bore it must be to live among them!

Harris's Portfolios.—So hard a name was given to these (Peridoneus-self-binding-movable-string) portfolios, that we felt dubious of our comprehension of the utility involved in the Latino-germano complication of the title; and so we resolved to try them, and experiment before we offered an opinion. Having done so, we are in justice bound to say that for the preservation in order (as if bound) of periodicals and pamphlets of every size, we have had nothing to compare with this well-contracted portfolio. Though the proprietor has not stated that it would fit the *Literary Gazette*, or the *Literary Gazette* fit it, we have for months kept our journal self-bound and moveably-strung in its handsome leather case (titled on the back, as sent to us by Mr. Kennett), and have found it most convenient. The contrivance of springs renders the loose sheets as orderly and firm as in a book, and every addition is weekly made with the same readiness.

New Lamps for Old.—The trick in the Arabian tale has been literally tried in another way, recently in England. An eminent manufacturer of stained-glass windows for churches, &c., has liberally offered to put in whole windows of his own painting for nothing more than the old bits of glass which he finds in the ancient wrecks!

Errors of the Press.—The slightest make ludicrous readings. In the *Spain* reviewed in this No. there is talk of parties punished for their capacity (*i. e.* rapacity); and one of the Monday newspapers calls Sir James Graham the tight honourable baronet.

Antique versus Antic.—In the Dean of Westminster's address he warned archaeologists against allowing the *antique* to be *antic*; and when it was remarked in the room that this was an odd conceit in a paper of so high and grave a kind, a young lady-listener mentioned that it was, notwithstanding, a favourite pun of the dean's, for he had already used it in a recent *cahier* to the clergy.

Ries Père.—The father of Ferdinand Ries, who is now in his 95th year, and continues to give music-lessons in Bonn, was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Music in consequence of his valuable services on the occasion of the Beethoven festival. We heartily congratulate this amiable and venerable musician, and wish, with his many friends, that he may live long to enjoy his new title in as good health as he has at Bonn at present.—*Ed. L. G.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Committee of the British Archaeological Association, advertising to the "number, variety, and intrinsic excellence of the papers presented to the Congress at Winchester," have determined to publish the whole proceedings forthwith in a volume, embellished with many engravings. [See advertisement in last *Gazette*.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A short absence from town (a not uncommon occurrence at this season of the year) renders it more than usually imperative upon correspondents to favour us early in the week.

We will convey the hint of "a London Bookseller" to the proper quarter, and have no doubt of a satisfactory result. After the text relating to St. Cross and Mr. Freeman's remarks was at press, and too late for alteration, we received a letter from Winchester, we regret to say, when it was out of our power to alter or cancel the passage.—*The Printers, L. G.*

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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.—

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In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discarding of the mineral combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as a habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured: by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two salinities to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an aerated solution of bicarbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

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Aug. 16, 1845.

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